JOHN BULL

Vol. I. No. 25 | SATURDAY, NOV. 24th, 1906. | ONE PENNY.

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The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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Unedited by that Awful Reprobate, JIMMY CROW, Esq.

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1907— **WITTY CUR'S ALMANAC** —1907

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

It is indeed with no pleasure that we this week dissipate the mystery which has so long enshrouded Mr. Chamberlain's illness. We would fain have been spared the pain of the duty. But the matter is too serious to be permitted to remain where it is. We regret that the family of Mr. Chamberlain have not seen fit to take the public into their confidence.

The Government is not doing well. The very cry which carried it into office may prove its undoing. A great opportunity has come to it—and has been missed. Chinese labour, stripped of official connivance, or indifference, or incompetency, has been exposed to the public gaze in all its hideousness, its infamy, and its degradation. But, as with the Education question, the Government lacks the courage to adopt the obvious and the only solution of the difficulty. And it was a cruel thing to put up the Under Secretary for the Colonies to act as devil's advocate. We watched Mr. Churchill closely as he spoke—and we pitied him; and we watched Mr. Burns, as he did *not* speak—and pitied *him*. How long will these two strong men stand it? Rumours are already active about Winston's promotion to a higher post; whilst, as to John Burns—well, we shall see what we shall see. And may it be soon.

Reverting to Chinese labour, which began in a scandal, and has developed into an infamy, it is a mere platitude to say that the Government, with its nauseating praise of Lord Selborne, and its thinly disguised fear of the mining magnates, has fallen very short of the country's hopes. During the debate on the Address, we described these coolie compounds as "an economic failure, a political danger, and a moral pestilence." Were we right? But the Randlords and the Higgensteimers, and the Hoggenheimers, are more powerful than the Government.

Lord Selborne is the bogey. The Government has been frightened away from the bold path, which in this case is the straight path, by the High Commissioner. We do not trust Lord Selborne, any more than we trusted Lord Milner, in South Africa. We never have trusted him. We remember the affair of the 16,000 permits, in the very last days of the late Government. We remember the difficulties he put in the way of recruiting native labour. We remember his eulogies of Sir Percy Fitzpatrick. We remember the mistranslation of the proclamation. Here is the whole secret of the timid-spirited and over-cautious policy which marks not only the Government's treatment of the Chinese Labour question, but also of every other South African problem. In this abomination of the compounds the Government should have said, "We will tolerate it not a moment longer. Bag and baggage the Chinese must go." In any case, these 16,000 fraudulent permits should have been cancelled the moment they were discovered. But the Government hadn't the courage even

for that. Matters cannot be permitted to rest where they are.

Sir Edward Grey's answers about the Consular service are unsatisfactory. He says that "unsalaried Consular appointments" (generally given to aliens) "are made at places where British interests are not sufficient to justify a salaried Consular appointment." As a matter of fact, however, Cavalla, Dedeagatch, Drama, Janina, Prevesa, Rodosto, and Serres are all politically important places. Our Consular agents there are all Greeks, and this is especially unfortunate, because Greeks are the prime originators of disorder in those regions. Take also the case of Munich, a town of great commercial importance, and the residence of many British subjects. Here the British Consul, Herr Buchmann, is a German subject, and has actually been acting as His Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires for some months.

A great deal of talk is going on just now as to what the Government will do about the Education Bill, and some very foolish people are hinting at an early dissolution of Parliament. We believe that, for all practical purposes, when the Bill comes down from the Lords it will be sent back again, with a simple intimation that the Commons disagree with the amendments. Then will follow some concessions by the peers, and, after a little more shuttlecock business, the Bill will be dropped, to be reintroduced next session in the form it should have assumed from the outset—namely, providing that every State-supported school shall be placed under public control, and that the education given shall be confined to secular subjects. And what will the Lords do then?

One of the few good speeches delivered in the House this session was that of Mr. Lehmann, on the Chinese compound horrors. For literary finish, taste, logic, businesslike arrangement, and, above all, absolute sincerity, it could scarcely be excelled. It was a great opportunity, and Mr. Lehmann rose right up to it. If such men, only, would take part in the debates! The next best speech was that of Mr. Lyttelton. He made the very best of a bad case, and considerably enhanced his Parliamentary reputation. To facilitate the motion for adjournment, we kept our own motion for wholesale repatriation off the paper, although it was obvious throughout the proceedings that this is the one and only solution. Under the circumstances, we thorght we were entitled to a word in the debate, but Master Masterman thought quite differently. As we say in sporting parlance, some of the new members are running themselves to a standstill.

Mr. Birrell threatening the Lords suggests to us the idea of Ajax defying—the gaslight!

Though we cannot for the life of us see why a Member of Parliament should not be paid for his services, like any other British workman, when he works, we do not anticipate that payment of members will come in the way proposed by Mr. Alfred Cleophas Morton, M.P., namely, by reducing the salaries of all Ministers who receive over £2,000 per annum. If we had to rearrange the Cabinet, we should certainly give John Burns rather more, and some of the other Ministers rather less. Comparisons are odorous; but, as a matter of financial arithmetic, it would seem that if an Archbishop of Canterbury is worth £15,000 a year, a Chancellor of the Exchequer, for instance, is worth a good deal more. It is true there have been Prime Ministers and Ministers who could not earn £5,000, or even £2,000 a year at any other job; but it cannot be maintained, generally, that a Minister of the Crown is overpaid at £5,000 a year. Admittedly, the ideal system would be to pay Ministers according to ability or results, or by the job or piece. But this would be invidious; and, after all, wherever you see a hat, you must expect to find a certain quantity of timber under it.

The *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News* never lose an opportunity of swearing in newspaper style at the motor 'buses. Yet, not so long ago, the whole set of Harmsworth papers were cracking motor omnibuses up to the skies and deriding electric tramways. A similar eccentricity of criticism marks the aristocracy. As long as motor-cars were the only vehicle of the kind in the public thoroughfares, their owners regarded the stench they emitted as a fragrance, and the row they made as a blessed concord of sweet sounds. Since the motor-'buses have begun not only to claim a share of the roads, but to pursue their wild career through the squares and streets of Belgravia, the aristocracy, or the Upper Crust, or the *haut ton*, or whatever you like to call it, has been up in arms. It is of no consequence that Lord St. Gervasse-Gervasse-Brown-Jones, or Mr. Hoggenheimer, should get on the nerves of the lower orders with a five-ton motor-car, but when a twenty-ton motor-'bus gets on the nerves of Lord St. Etcetera and Hoggenheimer, as aforesaid, the fat is in the fire, the cat is among the pigeons, and the bull is in the china shop.

Another instance of paying your ha'pence and taking your choice:—

Evening Standard, Nov. 6th.
Owing to the sudden indisposition of Mme. Nordica, the role of Aida will be taken to-night by Mlle. Scalar at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden.

Daily Mirror, Nov. 7th.
Everybody at Covent Garden last night seemed glad to see Mme. Nordica back to London again, with a voice unchanged after long absence.

That motor-'buses, as we know them at present, are a widespread atrocity, and a pernicious smell, is undoubtedly true; but what applies to all motor-'buses, applies also to many motor-cars. The average person who drives a motor-car, whether he is a paid chauffeur or the owner himself, has as little compunction in frightening the wits out of an old lady carrying a basket of eggs as he has of clearing the road of somebody's peaceful and industrious chickens; and whereas the driver of a motor-'bus knocks down a dead wall, or climbs into a shop window, or moves a lamp-post because he never knows at any given moment whether his lump of animated ironmongery will go forwards, or backwards, or sideways, the chauffeur of a motor-car deliberately bangs down the road at full speed, to scatter the natives and enjoy himself. Happily the time is near at hand when flying machines will be available, and then everybody can have a motor, and the rest of the population can seek safety in the air.

Though it is becoming more and more difficult to get a living at the Bar, hope beats eternal in the human breast. On Monday another crowd of youthful persons were "called," and we trust the time will come when they will be chosen. Among them was the son of Mr. Justice Walton, the son of Sir Edward Clarke, and the son of Mr. Justice Bray. "Gentlemen," said a cynical judge on a similar occasion, "you are all nearer the Woolsack to-day than ever you will be again"; but, after all, much may come to a man who, as Heine recommended, is careful in the selection of his parents. Mr. W. S. Gilbert has strenuously advised the young barrister to marry some "rich attorney's elderly, ugly daughter." Unfortunately, the supply of these ladies is not equal to the demand, and hundreds of young men kick their heels in demi-semi chambers waiting to be discovered, at the low price of one-three-six. And the pity is, they are not allowed to advertise.

The report of Mr. Davy, the Local Government Board Inspector charged with the Poplar Inquiry, is what the Yankees call "hot stuff." It does not question the personal integrity of either Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., or Mr. Lansbury; but he riddles the extrava-

gances, and the waste, and the neglect of the system for which they have made themselves the advocates and the defenders. And they "cannot," he says, "be wholly exonerated from a certain responsibility for the sordid doings of some of their colleagues." This, however, is going a bit out of his way, on the part of the Inspector. After all, whatever have been the mistakes of the Poplar Guardians as a whole, there is obviously a great deal of the personal equation in Mr. Davy's indictment. We see on the one hand a prejudiced partisan of the old order, and on the other a cold, hard officialism which never once touches the humanities.

Between the orgie of irresponsible Socialism in which the Guardians have indulged at the expense of the ratepayers, and the officialism which would hardly lift the workhouse above the status of a prison, there is a wide gulf. We want the poor to be treated humanely, pitifully, gently, like human beings who have fallen on evil days; but we do not want able-bodied men and women pampered and nursed in conditions which come perilously near luxury. The workhouse is an asylum an Englishman or an Englishwoman is entitled to demand as of right in the moment of deep necessity—to demand without shame, without humiliation, without fear. Humanity demands that it shall not be a fearsome prison, but an honourable refuge. That said, it must not be the centre and focus of a huge system of pauper-making, and the Poplar Guardians have not proved that the policy they have adopted, marked as it is by business incompetence and all that business incompetence means in such a case, is any improvement upon that carried out in dozens of other workhouses where no such scandals occur.

The other day an inmate of the Clonmel workhouse, named Byrne, married another inmate, and after the ceremony both of them returned to celebrate the honeymoon. The Guardians, however, ordered the bride and bridegroom to be discharged. What would have happened at Poplar in similar circumstances one can only guess. The 'appy pair might have been received with bands of music, had their path strewn with roses, and been entertained at a wedding breakfast. Perhaps Mr. Crooks or Mr. Lansbury would have held a reception. Yet it is a big problem, and so far as there were simply faults of heart at Poplar, "John Bull" is disposed to wink at them.

Solomon and David led rather rapid lives,
And frequently amused themselves with other people's wives;
But when old age came creeping on, they both of them had qualms,
So Solomon wrote 'Proverbs" and David wrote "The Psalms."

New Version.

Here is a pretty little story from Lowestoft. At the county police court the other day some labourers were charged with rabbit ferretting on the private property of Mr. Somebody-or-other, "gentleman." The evidence was very conflicting, and even the farm bailiff admitted that the defendants had reason to believe that they had permission to go upon the land. At the end of the case "the magistrates consulted for some time in private, and on their return into court the chairman said the *real crime* in the case was the desecration of the Sunday, which was the curse of the country." The defendants were thereupon fined 7s. 6d. each, and 10s. costs. What about the desecration of the bench? And how long has "desecration of Sunday" been a criminal offence, and where did the magistrates get their authority for inflicting a fine in respect of it? And, apart from this consideration, how do they justify themselves in punishing a person for some offence—real or imaginary—with which he is not charged? Might not the bigotry and incompetence of many of our county magistrates more aptly be described as "the curse of the country?"

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD NO. 104.

For asking whether she could "trump" at the recent Municipal Elections,

"A KENSINGTON LADY"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 105.

For heading an account of the "collapse of a hotel" with the line (evidently intended for the Stock Exchange column) "A general upward movement,"

THE EDITOR OF THE *YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 106.

For offering, through the "Daily Mail," to subscribe five shillings "to oppose the Soap Trust Combine,"

MR. PARKIN, Mill Road, Ashley, Doncaster,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 107.

For stating that Mr. Justice Kekewich's "many reversals in the Court of Appeal are indications of neither lack of ability nor of learning,"

THE EDITOR OF THE *DAILY TELEGRAPH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 108.

For telling a "Daily Mirror" reporter that she accepted, "simply to please him, the lovely jewels Mr. René Webb heaped upon her,"

LA BELLE OTERO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 109.

For placing honesty first, industry second, and "push" third, amongst the qualifications for success in business,

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 110.

For preaching from the text "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," and charging a shilling a time for seats,

FATHER VAUGHAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 111.

For the following editorial comment on the statement of a correspondent that to read the "Daily News" was a liberal education, "What a pleasure it is to welcome a breath of plain common-sense now and again,"

THE EDITOR OF THE *DAILY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 112.

For fining a Licensed Victualler for giving a woman over measure when serving a pint of beer,

THE WIGAN JUSTICES
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 113.

For stating that the late Charles Bradlaugh often stands at his side during his spiritualistic lectures,

MR. JOHN LOBB
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE TRUTH ABOUT MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Grave News. A Conspiracy of Silence.

Readers of JOHN BULL will not be unprepared for the sad and serious announcement which we to-day consider it our duty to make. For months past, week in and week out, we have warned them that Mr. Chamberlain's condition is infinitely more critical than the members of the family, and the general press, have led the public to believe. That we have done this from no desire for notoriety is, we think, sufficiently evidenced by the fact that we have contented ourselves with the bald statement that the great politician was "very ill": that his "public career is ended": and, when it was solemnly given out that he would attend a Tariff Reform meeting in October, we simply said "he will do nothing of the kind." All this time we have deliberately withheld information and details, rather than cause a moment's pain to Mr. Chamberlain's family and friends.

The time, however, has in our opinion arrived when the truth should be known. Since the death of Gladstone, Mr. Chamberlain has been the most prominent public man in England. A man of indomitable will and potent personality, he has directed and controlled the currents of modern political thought. Like all great public men, he is public property, and it is grossly unfair to the public that they should any longer be kept in ignorance of the true state of things. For some reason or other, however, it appears to have been the desire of Mr. Chamberlain's family, and of his most intimate friends, that the truth should not be known. It will be remembered that we stated that it was physically impossible for the right hon. gentleman to attend the Nottingham meeting, Mr. Austen Chamberlain publicly announced that "there was no possible doubt that he will be there." Mr. Jesse Collins, about the same time, expressed "his great surprise at the rumours about Mr. Chamberlain's health": whilst the Press throughout the country has, with nauseating monotony, daily proclaimed that "Mr. Chamberlain is making satisfactory progress." Why this foolish conspiracy of silence? Do not Mr. Chamberlain's family and friends realise that when the truth *is* known the shock will be all the greater in proportion to the country's unpreparedness for it? At any rate, we have after anxious and sorrowful consideration, determined to lift the veil. There is one consideration, and one only, which would deter us. If we thought that anything we are about to say could by any possibility cause Mr. Chamberlain himself a moment's pain, we would cut off our right hand rather than pen these lines. We know too well, however, that such cannot be the case—for at this moment the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain—he, who a year ago was the most virile, active, and militant political protagonist of the day—is a nerveless, voiceless, and almost sightless, paralytic. The original seizure occurred some four months ago, whilst the right hon. gentleman was absolutely alone. When he was discovered he had been lying in a critical condition for nearly two hours. He was subsequently removed from London surreptitiously, late at night, to his home at Highbury, where about twice a week, and with the utmost difficulty, he is wheeled into his favourite orchid house. There is the bald and painful truth. Of course, it will be denied, but after this specific announcement, nothing short of ocular demonstration will, we venture to think, satisfy the public.

There can be no question that the total failure of the Fiscal Campaign—upon the success of which Mr. Chamberlain had staked his all—had a most serious effect upon him. Towards the end of last year, and in the early days of the present Parliament, and much more so on the occasion of Birmingham's great celebration in July, his changed appearance was noted with growing concern. At such a time as this, however, Tariff Reform and public controversies of every description sink altogether out of sight, and with the love and devotion which Britishers all the world over entertain in their inmost hearts for those who devote their lives and energies to the service of the State, we all unite in deep and earnest sympathy with the right hon. gentleman and his family in this great affliction.

IN THE CITY.

Lloyd's Bank, Limited—An Interesting Point.

We have had submitted to us by a customer of Lloyd's Bank, Limited, a statement in which he complains that he has been very unjustly treated by them, and as the point raised is one of considerable public interest, we make no excuse for dealing with it at some length.

The customer in question, whom we will call A, opened in his own name an account at the head office of Lloyd's Bank, 72, Lombard Street, E.C., last March. He was at the time, and is still, an undischarged bankrupt, but he did not acquaint any official of the bank with the fact. His introduction to the bank was by means of a letter addressed to himself by a well-known peer, one of our most highly respected financiers, who sent him trust monies with which to open a banking account. This letter was shown to the manager of the bank, and accepted as sufficient. A acts as the confidential agent of the peer in question, and paid into his own account at Lloyd's monies which his principal, and certain undertakings of his principal, from time to time entrusted to him temporarily for the purpose of making payments on their behalf. He has been in the habit, when so depositing these trust monies, of exhibiting to Mr. Sell, the manager, and to the bank's chief cashier, the letters from his principal, transmitting to him these funds and directing their payment out at subsequent dates.

On Friday, the 2nd inst., Mr. Sell, without having addressed any verbal communication to A, wrote him a letter asking him to call at the bank on the following day. This letter did not reach Mr. Sell until Monday, the 5th, he having been in the country. On the 3rd, and whilst in the country, A (whose account had a substantial balance standing to its credit) issued certain cheques on that account to third parties on behalf of his principal. On returning to his office, on the 5th, A found awaiting him a letter from the bank, expressing its regret that he had not called on the previous Saturday, and stating that until he called the bank would decline to honour any future cheques that A might draw on his account. A immediately went to the bank and interviewed the manager, who told him that the reason the bank had taken this position was that it had received information that A was an undischarged bankrupt. A admitted the fact, but pointed out that the monies standing to his credit were trust funds, and that, in ignorance of the bank's decision, he had issued on the previous Saturday several cheques. He protested against the bank's action in general, and demanded that the bank should at least honour the cheques he had issued the previous Saturday. The bank declined to give that undertaking, and the cheques were dishonoured.

At the interview, and subsequently in a letter to A's solicitors, the bank suggested that he should procure a letter from his Official Trustee in Bankruptcy authorising the bank to release the funds in question—a letter it would act upon. A thereupon called upon the trustee in question, who said that inasmuch as he (the Trustee) had laid no embargo on A's account, and had no intention of doing so, he could not very well give him the letter he asked for.

Thereupon A's solicitors communicated with Lloyd's Bank, and in reply the bank admitted the facts we have here set out, but stated that, having discovered their customer was an undischarged bankrupt, they had no option but to dishonour the cheques, and to refuse to part with any monies until he produced the authority of the Trustee in Bankruptcy for them to do so.

We publish below a letter from A's solicitors, Messrs. Cox and Lafone, to the solicitors of the Bank, Messrs. Dawes and Son, which sets out the position taken up by A and his advisers. Messrs. Cox and Lafone rely upon the case of Cohen v. Mitchell, when the Court of Appeal held that

> "Until the trustee intervenes, all transactions by a bankrupt after his bankruptcy with any person dealing with him bona fide, and for value in respect of his after acquired property, whether with or without the knowledge of his bankruptcy, are valid against the trustees. The bona fides of the bankrupt is immaterial."

And upon Hunt v. Fripp, where Mr. Justice Byrne held that

> "There is no obligation on anyone dealing with an undischarged bankrupt in regard to his after acquired property to communicate with his trustees."

Messrs. Cox and Lafone's letter referred to above is as below. We publish it *in extenso*, with the exception of a paragraph in which Messrs. Cox and Lafone, as instructed by their client, suggest animus on the part of the manager of the Bank, Mr. Sell. We have no right to suppose that there is substance in this allegation, and consequently we exclude the incident upon which it rests.

17, Tower Royal, Cannon Street, London, E.C.,
8th November, 1906.

LLOYD'S BANK AND——

DEAR SIRS,—

We are in receipt of your letter of the 3rd inst., volunteering to accept service of any process we may be instructed to issue in this matter, but before we proceed to this extreme, we venture to bring to your notice the facts of the case from our client's point of view, confidently anticipating that in dealing with Lloyd's Bank, and with a firm of your standing, this will lead to a realisation on the part of your clients that they have committed an unprecedented and regrettable error of judgment, for which they will unreservedly apologise to Mr. ——.

From your clients' letter we gather, in fact they state, that they are advised by you that having discovered that their customer, Mr. ——, is an undischarged bankrupt, they have no option but to dishonour his cheques and refuse to part with any moneys until he produces the authority of his trustee in bankruptcy for them to do so. We beg leave to doubt that you have advised them to this effect. Inasmuch as the money standing to Mr. ——'s credit was acquired by him since his bankruptcy, and as the trustee has not intervened in regard to it, it seems to us perfectly clear from the cases of Herbert v. Sayer, 5 Q.B., 965, and Cohen v. Mitchell, 25 Q.B.D., 262, that the Bank would be perfectly safe in honouring Mr. ——'s cheques, and it makes no difference in this connection that the Bank has knowledge of the bankruptcy. (See Cohen v. Mitchell.) In our view it follows that as the Bank can safely honour Mr. ——'s cheques, they are bound to do so, and if they dishonour them, they are guilty of a breach of the duty arising between banker and customer, and a serious action for damages lies against them.

As we understand it, there is no obligation on anyone dealing with an undischarged bankrupt in regard to his after-acquired property to communicate with the trustee (see Hunt v. Fripp, L.R. 1898, 1 Ch., per Byrne, J., at page 683), and any such step would be peculiarly improper as between a Bank and its customer.

The dishonour of Mr. ——'s three cheques has had serious consequences, one of the cheques having been given to H.M. Postmaster-General, with whom Mr. —— is at this present moment negotiating with regard to certain telephone and electric inventions; and a second one to Mr. Wilmot, the manager of the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit, of whom Mr. —— is a tenant, and Mr. Wilmot passed it on to business connections, with the consequence that the cheque has been through the hands of five persons. We say nothing at present of the cheque drawn in favour of ourselves.

Mr. —— has suggested a possible explanation of the incident of which he complains, which we should be sorry to believe is well-founded: it is that Mr. —— . . . . .

Quite apart, however, and to still further demonstrate what we cannot help considering the utter illegality of your client's course of action, we have further to point out that the account in question is a trust account, a fact which we are prepared to prove to you by the production of a letter from Lord —— to Mr. ——, dated March 17 last, forwarding him the £550 with which the account was opened for the specific purposes of one of the businesses which Mr. —— is superintending for his lordship; and we think you will appreciate the gravity of what has occurred when we also inform you that your clients had direct notice of this fact, because the letter we refer to was produced both to Mr. —— (the manager) and to the bank's chief cashier when the account was opened. We scarcely suppose your clients go to the length of contending that if a trustee happens to be an undischarged bankrupt, he cannot open a bank account for the purposes of his trust.

As stated at the commencement of this letter, we feel sure that when the above facts are brought to your client's notice they will instruct you to send us the letter of regret which we have mentioned, together with a cheque for the amount now in their hands belonging to Mr. ——. You will appreciate that some such letter is necessary for the purpose of re-establishing Mr. ——'s bona fides with those who took his cheques. In default of this, Mr. —— will have no alternative but to seek the protection of the courts.

We are, yours faithfully,
COX AND LAFONE.

Messrs. Dawes and Son, solicitors,
9, Angel Court, Throgmorton Street, E.C.

[The bank declines to recede from the position it has taken up.]

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Persons interested in the subject of People's Banks should send a Postcard to
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29, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., for a free copy of his new and instructive publication,
"THE POST OFFICE DEPOSITOR,"
or, THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF THRIFT A Case for People's Banks."

THE VAAL AUCTION.

What a text for a dinner-hour sermon to City men is to be found in the Vaal River auction sale at the Mart last week. Mr. E. Schwabacher, joint life governor of the company, and its chairman, committed suicide early in the year from sheer disappointment at the lack of results. Within a few months the Ordinary shares have jumped from 7s. 6d. to over £12, and his six founders' share, which are only entitled to profits after the Ordinary have received 20 per cent., are knocked down under the hammer for nearly £30,000. "Buck up; look cheerful," is the right line for all who speculate in shares.

SOAP AND WATER.

We have little sympathy with the Soap Trust, but we have less with some of the hypocritical press opponents. Last week the chief of the Carmelite organs boomed an anti-trust promotion, which we venture to assert would have been strongly condemned in its financial columns under ordinary conditions. John Knights' is a fine old business, but with increasing competition, and higher cost of raw materals, profits are declining. As much is admitted in the prospectus, the promoters preferring to give average profits for three years instead of stating them in detail, as would have been done had they shown progress. The project is capitalised on this basis, and thus starts its career heavily water-logged. No wonder the vendors want their £105,000 in cash.

DON'T TRUST.

Other new issues are to be made by those desirous of enlisting public support in their struggle against those soap companies which have entered into Mr. W. H. Lever's "working agreement." The old-established business of J. C. and J. Field is forming a subsidiary undertaking, which will apparently work, under co-operative lines, in association with the trade. This may, of course, achieve success, and we wish it luck, but we cannot overlook the fact that the Field company last year was only able to pay a dividend of 2½ per cent., after taking £2,000 from its small reserve, and reducing that fund to £18,000. The decreased dividend, moreover, compares with 5 per cent. in the previous year, and with 7½ per cent. in earlier periods of prosperity. This is not a time to invest in soap—trust or no trust.

The money outlook is improving. All danger of a 7 per cent. Bank rate will not be over until we have passed the first week of December. But indications are hopeful, and Consols look good to buy.

Yankees look doubtful, and will remain so until money conditions settle down in Wall Street. This will be in a few weeks' time. In the interval a severe market relapse is quite on the cards, but if trouble is avoided a strong market during December is possible.

The Dolores is almost as great a puzzle as the Esperanza. Both are nominally English companies working in Mexico, but both are under American control—and therein lies the rub. We hear well of Mexico, of El Oro, and San Francisco Del Oro.

BAHIA BLANCA AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY CO.

We advise any of our readers who may have subscribed to this issue to withdraw their applications, which can be done up to Friday.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

R. E. WEISS AND CO.—AN OLD SUPPORTER (Rochester).—We cannot explain why Messrs. Weiss and Co. should be so anxious for you to buy Hudson Bays that they send you circulars urging you to do so twice a week, but if you are wise you will put these circulars into the waste-paper basket.

CHEQUE BANK.—A. A. B. (St. Leonards).—You should apply to the liquidator.

SLATER'S.—RESTAURATOR (Walthamstow).—We should be inclined to hold for the present.

COLUMBIAN BONDS.—BOND (London).—We do not advise investment in the securities of Central American Republics.

RESCISSION OF CONTRACT.—WHITE HORSE (Ilford).—You do not give us the name of the company. We do not think the certificate would be invalidated by its being signed by the director who has since retired.

UNITED KINGDOM INVESTMENT CORPORATION.—A CONSTANT READER (Hackney).—We have had some other inquiries respecting the method of redemption of bonds issued by this concern, and we will look into the matter.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—X. Y. Z. (Coventry).—(1) These people you name are in much the same category as the others you mention. (2) We have no doubt that any profit that might be due to you from transactions with them would be paid by the London and Paris Exchange.

CEYLON PEARL FISHERIES.—CALLCOTT (Brondesbury).—These shares are very speculative, owing to the uncertain character of the fishery, but as a speculative purchase we think them promising.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—S. F. W. (Sheffield).—We know nothing of the particular firm you name, but advise you generally not to put your money into any of the "systems" recommended to you by circular.

PEAR'S, LIMITED.—ARCHIE (Larne Harbour).—(1) No doubt the soap companies outside the Trust will benefit, anyway for a time, but as to Pears, we think they are high enough at their present price. (2) Grand Trunk ordinary may be recommended as a look up.

TEMPERANCE PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—J. A. M. (Highgate Hill).—(1) You could not go to a better building society than this one. (2) We do not think it would be any advantage to you to buy a book "in regard to freehold and leasehold properties, and the buying and selling of same." These matters are very technical, and you had much better employ a solicitor. We return your prospectus.

BEST BUILDING SOCIETY.—G. H. B. (Wandsworth).—One of the best of the building societies is the Temperance, mentioned in our reply to J. A. M. Another is the Perpetual, of New Bridge Street.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK.—J. H. (Norwich).—The liability is £48, the share being £60, and £12 having been paid up. In a sense, the investment is, of course, one of the best, the bank being of the highest standing, and the yield, taking last year's dividends and present price, about £4 5s. But you have to bear in mind the liability, which makes these shares unsuitable for persons of small means.

CHARTERERS.—RHODESIA (Liverpool).—In our judgment, Chartereds are still too high. You suggest that Tanganyika interests, land settlement schemes, and railroad construction must enhance the value of the company's assets, but whatever the truth about the Tanganyika property, it must be years before it yields much in the way of profit, and the other points upon which you rely have been discounted. The Chartered Company has an enormous territory, but its management gives great dissatisfaction to the settlers; the costs of administration are very heavy, and we do not see how it is ever to pay anything like a satisfactory dividend upon its enormous capital.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—W. M. (Sheffield).—We do not know how to advise you in the matter. Your case is another illustration of how people enter into contracts without mastering their conditions. In 1898, you tell us, you took out a house certificate to the value of £150 on a thirty years' table, upon which you agreed to pay 7s. 6d. a month. You have now paid £43 17s. 6d., and have bonus notes for £3 5s. 3d. According to the rules of the company, after paying five years you can borrow on approved house property the amount of your certificate, but in your case the amount is too small; you cannot buy a house for £150. You do not want to go on paying £4 10s. per annum for another twenty-two years, and so you wish, if you can, to sell your certificate and to get back all or a portion of the £43 17s. 6d. you have paid, but when you write to the corporation they tell you that your certificate does not bear a surrender value, and that the only means of disposing of it is by transfer to a private purchaser. You say that you have advertised many times, and also interviewed Sheffield agents of the corporation, but all to no purpose. You cannot get rid of the certificate at any price. We cannot help you to get rid of it. We should have thought that when you originally negotiated with the corporation it would have occurred to you that a £150 certificate would be of no value to you for the purchase of house property, and that you would either have taken out a certificate for a larger sum or gone elsewhere. Instead of that, you take out this useless certificate—useless from the point of view of your wants—and you take it out in a company which gives you no surrender value, and so compels you either to go on paying for the thirty years, or to allow the certificate to lapse unless you are able to sell it by private negotiation, which inquiry would have told you is most difficult. Really, people who enter into engagements of this kind, and do not take the trouble to think them out, ought not to complain when later on they find they have made a mistake. We return the letter from the British Homes Assurance Corporation.

SCOTTISH CLERKS ASSOCIATION.—H. G. R. (Islington).—The objects of the Association are excellent, and we have no reason to doubt its good management.

SALVATION ARMY ASSURANCE COMPANY.—R. D. (Birkenhead).—We shall be glad to hear from you further on the subject to which your letter refers.

BUTCHER BOY AND STAR COMPANIES.—MAJESTA (Bradford).—Have nothing to do with them.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—W. B. (Hackney).—We cannot be continually repeating what we have said so often about this Bank, and the advisability of accepting the high rates of interest it offers for deposits. We will, however, repeat once more that we never recommend depositing with companies or firms who offer exceptionally high rates of interest.

HUMBER, LIMITED.—SHAREHOLDER (Bristol).—The recovery has been very remarkable, and we think you might usefully increase your holding. For 1903 the company had to pass its Preference dividend; next year there was a payment of 3 per cent. on account of arrears; this was followed by a further 3 per cent. for the year ended August 31, 1905; last year's trading enabled arrears to be wiped off, a payment of 5 per cent. on the ordinary capital, and a substantial allocation to the Reserve Fund. A remarkable recovery.

ALLSOPP'S.—STOCKHOLDER (Lancaster).—We should sell, notwithstanding the optimistic forecast of the report just issued. Mr. Stewart is always optimistic, but year by year the position worsens. The accounts just issued show that after providing for debenture interest, etc., there is a debit balance of £65,102, which increases the loss, amounting on June 30, 1905, to £55,825, to a total of £121,030. And this big loss would have been very much heavier if a proper sum had been allowed for depreciation. The value of the beer sold was 5 per cent. less than for the previous year, and although the report says that sales have improved during the last few months, there is nothing to show that they are likely to be materially better for the year. Then there is the unhappy amalgamation with T. Salt and Co., Limited, and the Burton Breweries, Limited. The directors of Allsopp's anticipate great benefit from taking over these businesses. It is much more likely, in our opinion, to make reconstruction inevitable. Under the circumstances, we should cut the loss; but perhaps it would be as well to wait to hear what is said at the general meeting on the 22nd.

HORN BROTHERS.—H. B. (Hammersmith).—The £5 Ordinary shares are now quoted at £3zd., and at that price, and on last year's dividend, give a yield of 5 per cent. In view of the more vigorous management and improved prospects of the company, we think these shares are a promising speculative purchase.

ROVER CYCLE COMPANY.—J. F. (Ealing).—The position of the company is greatly improved, and the outlook is promising. At their present price of about 28s. 6d., the ordinary shares yield on the basis of the present 10 per cent. dividend, over 7½ per cent., and we think it very possible that this high dividend will be increased later on. The shares are therefore an attractive speculative investment.

A. AND F. PEARS, LIMITED.—SHAREHOLDER (Brixton).—The offer seems a fair one. By accepting £60,000 in Ordinary shares for their rights the Deferred Ordinary shareholders enable the goodwill account to be reduced by £90,000, and the arrangement should strengthen the position of the company.

We regret that, owing to unusual pressure upon our space, many answers are unavoidably held over until next week.

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AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Frank Harris.

[Our brilliant literary and dramatic critic reviews Mr. H. N. Dickinson's latest book.]

"Things that are Caesar's." By H. N. Dickinson. (Heinemann.)

This is a modern political novel: one of the books I am accustomed to describe with the pleasant epithet, "half-baked"; but conscience forbids me to dismiss this book with this qualification, though it is well-deserved, for H. N. Dickinson shows eminent qualities as a writer, in spite of his idiotic theme and his wild Jingo creed. Mr. Dickinson paints you the ordinary politician and would-be member of Parliament, of Oxford training and good family, to the life, in a Mr. Willoughby, who revels in platitudes like a pig in potato-peelings. He then paints, in Lord Charles Brandon, a politician who has a touch of genius in him, and he shows you the genius, or, rather, the strength of a dominant personality again, in the mastery which Brandon exercises over his sister, Alice, and over his friends, St. Agnes, and Cooper, and Blake. If the background of ordinary English life had been painted a little more solidly, if a real working-man or two had been introduced, and a real grocer-man; in fine, if the painting of the accessories and surroundings had been equal to the painting of the main figure, Mr. H. N. Dickinson might have given us the best political novel in English.

Because Mr. Dickinson is a man of talent I will venture to argue with him as I should never think of arguing with Mr. le Queux, for example, though Mr. Dickinson, too, has been infected with the microbe of conscription and "Imperial unity," and got the disease badly; still, he may recover with attention and kind treatment, whereas, whether Mr. le Queux recovers or not is really a matter of no interest to anyone on earth except Mr. le Queux himself.

Is Jingoism a Creed or a Disease?

Now, Mr. Dickinson, come and let us argue together. Do you seriously think "that England really prefers cheap food to Imperial unity," and that "it cannot have an army equal to its needs, because it will not bear the yoke of military service"? First of all, cheap food is undeniably a good thing; but is Imperial unity? And if so, what good? As exemplified in costly, useless South African wars, Imperial unity is not very attractive to me. Again, the Imperial Government tried to force a free entrance for Chinamen into Australia, and the Australians would not have the Chinamen. Who is to decide this matter, and on which side is Imperial unity to be found? Or, again, why do you want conscription? This country already pays more for its army than any other country in the world; but you may say that is because it is a hireling army; but that's not true, though it's often repeated. The extra cost of our hireling army over a conscript army is only some three million pounds a year, and the whole cost of our army per annum is over forty-five millions. The truth is we waste our money. The huge sum this nation pays for its army is wasted by the aristocratic classes in payments to generals and hangers-on, who are not any good to anyone; for half the money we spend we could have a perfectly satisfactory army, and if we had conscription we should only have a couple of millions more men than we know what to do with, who would be badly trained and badly officered. The whole of the young manhood of the country would be taught idleness for two years, and, as it is, the strain of international industrial competition is about as much as we can bear.

The Author has Brains.

Think the matter over, Mr. Dickinson, and remember that the soul-inspiring chapter in the history of war tells of the triumph of small armies over large armies; but I will not part from you on this note. You hate mediocrity, which is a saving grace: you tell us that the ordinary English politician "defiles the most beautiful things in life by taking the language of beauty and idealism as a garment for twaddle. It is the unforgivable sin—blasphemy against what is holy—which causes other men to stumble." And you have better things in you even than this. Best of all, perhaps, is a mixture of paradox and insight which you give your hero towards the end of the book, and which I think excellent: ". . . . The fact is that men live by conventions, not by truth at all; and by morals, not by reason. Truth and reason could make nothing but gods and beasts. Truth is poison to a man, so is reason, and people loathe them as instinctively as they loathe deadly snakes, because they are afraid of their conventional morality getting blown upon. If we could make men accept our view of things to-morrow, we shouldn't have made anything except anarchy. We should have made a terrestrial hell with every modern convenience. The maintenance of civilisation depends on nearly all people being fools."

Now Anatole France might have written that, has indeed written something very like it; but it is just as false to say that men live by morals as it would be false to say that they live by reason; men live by habit and because they dread death, and the majority of them know nothing and care less about morals, or reason, or truth. I agree with Mr. Dickinson that truth is hated like poison; but I don't agree with him that it is poison, and there we must agree to differ.

"Rosemary in Search of a Father." By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Only the other day we reviewed an excellent American novel by Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, "Lady Betty Across the Water," and now here is another book, "Rosemary in Search of a Father." It is in large type, has many leads, thick paper and few pages. It is in fact a short story of some thirty thousand words, pranked out as a five-shilling novel. This is simply disgraceful, and the Williamsons will lose the *clientèle* which they have gained if they play such tricks as this on their readers.

In all this I am not saying anything against the book: indeed it would be hard to say anything against it: it is pretty and light and amusing, though not at all up to Mrs. Williamson's good work. It is a little love story, the scene of which is placed in Monte Carlo evidently because Mrs. Williamson, having found out how picturesque the neighbouring Alpine villages are, likes to motor there when it is bad weather in London. But even as a love story the tale is very thin, the characters less than half realised, the incidents wildly improbable, all of which is not atoned for by the chiming of marriage bells at the end, and "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden."

Really this book is too impudent: its proper value would be about 6d.; its pretentiousness is absurd.

Take care, Mrs. Williamson, take care: popularity is almost as easily lost as won, and once lost can never be regained.

AMONG THE THEATRES.

The Pavilion Music Hall.

Just as the halfpenny papers have got rid of long leaders, and now take pains to dress up news in spicy and varied paragraphs, so the music-halls have rid us of long melodramas and give us instead short "turns" of varied interest. Their managers seem to succeed just as perfectly as Barren Northcliffe or the fruitful Pearson, without, however, getting millions and a title to approve their skill as public caterers.

The other evening I turned into the Pavilion, and, unlike Mr. Stead, who seems to have reserved himself for La Milo, I had pleasure in nearly everything I saw. The "Pavilion Dancing Girls" amused me, and the gymnasts and Miss José Collins, a comedienne; and then I suddenly came on very rich ore indeed, and found half-a-dozen performances of excellent variety.

There was, first of all, Mr. George Mozart, who gave us a skit, entitled "The Girl's Cross-roads," in which, with the aid of a helmet to represent a policeman, and a hat to furnish him forth as a woman, he played hero and heroine, villain and village idiot, constable, and I know not what besides, with infinite go, and sufficient sense of character to suggest individualities and excite merriment.

Mr. Arthur Roberts.

Then, of course, there was Mr. Arthur Roberts in his sketch, "The Importance of being Another Man's Wife." Every character in it was excellently played; the jealous husband was suggested to the life by Mr. Stanley Damerell; and his wife and her friend, Mrs. Green, were excellent, and perhaps best of all, Kitty Blue, her sister, if it were only for her lively face and pretty figure. The servant, Martha, was over-acted by Miss Cora Pleon, but, after all, general servants are not always content to keep within the picture. Mr. Arthur Roberts himself was immense in every sense of the word. I remember him fifteen or eighteen years ago as a slim youth; he must be now about fifty round the girth, with Falstaff's "three fingers of fat upon the ribs," and his humour has grown more unctuous with his waist. Of course he is caught by the jealous husband, and turns himself into the wife's sister and chats with the visitor on

the sofa as no one else could chat. His comedy is irresistible; it is so rich in inimitable touches, so laughter-compelling, that it might be toned down a little with advantage; he makes faces now and then which are merely grotesque. When Mrs. Green, taking him for another woman, shows him her silk stockings and her garters, it was in the part to touch the pretty things; but it certainly was not in the part for him to beat his naughty left hand with his right hand, and so "give the show away," though this piece of business brought down the house. But his whispered confidences as a fat woman to the other woman about some mutual female friend are delightfully suggestive, and must be seen to be appreciated.

Arthur Roberts is still the prince of English low comedy actors; that is to say, the best low comedy actor in the world, and in this sketch he is something more than an actor. At every moment he shows observation of life and knowledge of human character of a kind that makes one think. If only Mr. George Bernard Shaw possessed some of this knowledge of Arthur Roberts', what a dramatist he would be.

Mr. Malcolm Scott.

After Mr. Arthur Roberts came Mr. Malcolm Scott as Boadicea, in imitation of the famous statue on the Embankment. Mr. Malcolm Scott seemed a great favourite, and some of his talk was clever; but either we have seen him in better parts or else his following immediately after Arthur Roberts showed up a certain thinness in his humour, made the stuff of it look threadbare. In fine, I have never seen him to less advantage. What a pity it is he didn't come after Miss Marie Dainton.

Miss Marie Dainton.

Miss Marie Dainton thoroughly deserves her delightful name; she sang daintily, charmingly, with a certain suggestion of nervous eagerness and desire to please which seduced sympathy; and then she gave us some of her imitations of celebrated actresses, which were as a whole excellent. I didn't care for the Edna May, but the Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Greeba was superb. I closed my eyes and could believe it was Mrs. Campbell herself speaking; there was no exaggeration, no suggestion of caricature in this impersonation; it was simple representment of astonishing fidelity, and her Miss Connie Ediss was quite as good. Miss Marie Dainton is better, I think, than Miss Cissie Loftus was some fifteen or more years ago.

Then came Messrs. Mason and Keeler in their one-act burglar comedy, which was American and modern and amusing, and then Jordan and Harvey as East End Jews. This turn was not as good as it might have been. I have seen infinitely better in the Old Bowery Theatre in New York. First of all, the two Jews should be contrasted; the one should be rich, the other poor; the rich man should be developing the sensual qualities of his low materialism, the other should be still in the greedy avaricious stage. But, after all, criticism is out of place; one can only thank the management for a superb performance.

The Management.

All the arrangements of the house were excellent; it is really difficult not to compliment Mr. Frank Glenister and his excellent assistant-manager, Mr. Cobbett, particularly; even the attendants who show one to one's place are fastidiously polite. Everything you want is offered to you; the whole thing is most excellently arranged, with comfort and decorum.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

"The Reminiscences of Jock Thirlestane." By W. Russell. (Edinburgh: Thomas Adams and Sons.)

"The Bridge Winner." By "Cut-Cavendish." (London: Cassell and Co., Ltd.); 1s., paper; 2s., leather.

"The Common-Sense of Voice Development." By Irene San Carolo and Patrick Daniel. (London: Baillière, Tindall and Cox.)

"The Adventures of the Hon. Leo Fantassé." By A. P. Macdonald. (London: Thomas Charles Oughton); paper, 6d. net.

"The Realist" and other stories. By E. Temple Thurston. (London: Sisley's, Ltd.)

"Dr. Stiggins: His Views and Principles." By Arthur Machen. (London: Francis Griffiths.)

"Royal Navy List and Naval Recorder," October. (London: Witherby and Co.), 10s.

"Hypnotism and Suggestion." By Dr. Edwin Ash. (London: J. Jacobs), 4s. net.

"The Sinews of War." By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett. (London: T. Werner Laurie), 6s.

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Send your address on postcard for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Judge a Good Cigar."

THE SALVATION ARMY.

An Inquiry into its Record, its Strength, its Finances, and its Present Position.

VI.—SOME LETTERS.

In this issue, and prior to a final article dealing with the bank and insurance departments of the Army, we propose to publish a few of the many letters we have received from correspondents. In publishing these letters we do not necessarily endorse their contents, but all of them are from persons who have had intimate relations with the Army, and it seems to us that in every case their statements merit, and require, an answer from the Salvation Army authorities. We do not, for obvious reasons, give the names and addresses of our correspondents, but our readers will accept our assurance that they are in every sense genuine documents. We will distinguish them by letters of the alphabet.

(A) sends us a cutting from the *Daily Chronicle* of October 24th, 1906, written by Brigadier William Turner, from the Salvation Army Headquarters, in Queen Victoria Street. The Brigadier writes as follows:—

"Allow me to ask all your readers to assist us by accepting one of our small 'Grace Before Meat Boxes,' which provides a very efficient way of giving timely and permanent assistance to many unfortunate fellow-creatures during the approaching winter, and at the same time placing at our disposal increased powers of coping with the ever-growing demands upon us from those who appear unable to help themselves.

"I will gladly forward any information respecting the work, and a box can be had at 101, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., by personal application, or on receipt of a postcard a box will be forwarded to anyone who is willing to help in this Christ-like effort for the relief of the suffering poor."

There is nothing objectionable in this appeal, but A sends us copy of another letter, which runs as follows:—

45, Burghley Road, Hornsey, London, N.

DEAR SIR,—Would you kindly send me a copy of your latest Report, by doing which you will much oblige,

Yours truly,

WILLIAM TURNER.

The Secretary, Salford Royal Infirmary, Manchester.

This letter is written by the same Brigadier William Turner, but it purports to be a private letter, although, in fact, it was written and dispatched from the Headquarters of the Salvation Army. It is one of many hundreds of letters sent out to various institutions with the object of getting their reports. In most cases the request for the report is complied with under the impression that the William Turner who asks for it is a man of means wishing to help the institution The object of the letter is to get the names of the donors to the institution, their names and addresses being usually given in the report. Upon getting this information the Salvation Army addresses the gentlemen named, and in this way gets large sums of money. Our correspondent suggests that this is not an open and proper course to take, that it is not right that the Salvation Army should send out letters of this kind, in a form intended to deceive, and we think most of our readers will agree with him.

(B) directs our attention to the methods employed by the Army in connection with the midnight soup distribution, in White Street. He writes:—

"The midnight soup distribution in White Street is the only soup distribution organisation managed directly by the Salvation Army authorities at headquarters. There are other distributions of the kind in various districts, but these stand upon their own bottom, are managed by the local superintendents, and pay their way. Directly the cold weather begins the authorities in Queen Victoria Street advertise in various papers asking the charitable to support their soup distribution in White Street. The result is that very considerable sums of money are sent to headquarters for this purpose, as much as two or three hundred pounds a week being received by the Army authorities. In very cold and severe weather as much as £400 has been received in a week, and the contributions continue through the winter. At the end of it a very large sum has gone to 201, Queen Victoria Street for the purpose of soup distribution. Now, the number of persons to whom the soup is given ranges from 800 to 1,200, and, roughly speaking, the cost of the soup is £5 a night. It will be seen, therefore, that a very large profit is made from this institution, for not only do the Salvation Army authorities get the hundreds of pounds every week I have mentioned, the institute itself is self-paying, the superintendent getting over £5 a day from people who visit the place, or send to him direct. But even this is not all. Not content with the thousands of pounds which represent clear profit sent to headquarters, the Salvation Army authorities make up an account every year of the cost of this midnight soup distribution, put it before the members of the Stock Exchange, and invariably get the amount covered by the subscriptions that follow the appeal made to the members on behalf of the Army. First, the Army gets, from £200 to £300 a week from the public to meet an expenditure of about £35 a week; next, that expenditure is met by receipts at White Street; and, finally, it is covered once more by the generosity of the Stock Exchange!"

(C) writes to us with reference to the assistance supposed to be offered to emigrants by the Salvation Army Headquarters.

"A few days ago a man came to me who had been in one of the Salvation Army institutions. He is a man about thirty-five years of age, but lost his employment as a shopman through drink, went down hill very rapidly, and finally got into one of the Salvation Army institutions. He came out cured, and went about trying to get work, without success. He came to me to help him, and I said, 'Why not emigrate?' 'I have no money,' was his reply. 'Go,' I said, 'to the Salvation Army, and get them to help you.' 'I have been,' he said, 'and they told me they can only send out men who have the means to pay their own passage.' Here was a man whose case one would have thought would especially appeal to the Salvation Army—a man in the prime of life, anxious to recover a lost position, willing to go abroad, only wanting the means; but the Salvation Army will do nothing for him unless he has the money in his pocket, which would enable him to go abroad without asking leave or help from anybody."

(D) writes to us with respect to the shelters. He says:—

"I object to the system. It is demoralising to a degree. It does not merely give passing help to the man who is in temporary want of it. It breeds an army of loafers. There are scores and hundreds of men in these shelters who live there from year to year. They pay twopence for a 'lay down,' with a leather cover over them, and a box like a coffin on the floor. It is impossible to keep them clean, and, in fact, most of them are verminous. They pay a penny for a cup of so-called tea and bit of bread and margarine; they pay the same for similar food for their breakfast. They get the odd coppers necessary to make these payments by begging and doing odd jobs—such as calling cabs, holding a horse, and the like. No attempt is made to rouse them out of their lethargy. Year in, year out, they remain in these shelters, useless to themselves and to everybody else."

(To be continued.)

JOHN BULL IN THE COURTS

OUR SALVATION ARMY ARTICLES.

ALLEGED INFRINGEMENT OF MR. MANSON'S COPYRIGHT.

On Friday, the 16th inst., John Bull was literally "in the Courts," before Mr. Justice Neville, on an application for an injunction to restrain us from infringing the copyright of Mr. Manson's book on the Salvation Army, the contention being that undue use had been made of Mr. Manson's work, without suitable acknowledgment or compensation.

The plaintiffs were Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., the well-known publishers, who are the owners of the copyright of Mr. Manson's book, and the defendants were Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P. (the editor), John Bull, Ltd. (the proprietors), and Odhams, Ltd., the well-known printers. Mr. Jenkins, K.C., and Mr. Ashton Cross (instructed by Messrs. Tamplin, Taylor and Co.), appeared for the plaintiffs; Mr. Arthur Sims, for John Bull, Ltd.; Mr. W. A. Casson, for Messrs. Odhams, and Mr. Bottomley appeared in person. The defending counsel were instructed by Mr. D. W. Marpole (Marpole and Marpole).

Mr. Jenkins, K.C., in applying for the injunction, said:

My Lord, in an action of George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., against Horatio Bottomley, John Bull, Ltd., and Odhams, Limited, I have to move your Lordship, on behalf of the plaintiffs, the well-known publishers, for an Interlocutory Injunction restraining the infringement by the defendants of the copyright, which is vested in the plaintiffs, of a book known as "The Salvation Army and the Public," written by Mr. John Manson. The book in question, "The Salvation Army and the Public," was published in July of this year, and is an elaborate study and exposition of the Salvation Army and its history, and it is described as a religious, social, and financial study.

Mr. Justice Neville: Who is against you?

Mr. Arthur Sims: I appear for the second defendant on the record, John Bull, Ltd., the publishers. Mr. Bottomley I believe is here; he is the first defendant. I think he appears in person.

Mr. Bottomley: I appear in person.

Mr. Jenkins: What about the printers?

Mr. Casson: I appear for the printers, Messrs. Odhams.

Mr. Justice Neville: What is the defence? Is it a case that we can try on motion?

Mr. Jenkins: Yes, certainly. I think your lordship will see that when we come to the evidence. John Bull Ltd., is a company which brings out a paper under the name of John Bull, and the printers of that paper are Messrs. Odhams, Ltd., and Mr. Horatio Bottomley is the editor, and it is stated in the paper that the unsigned matters are under his supervision. This book, as I told your lordship, was published in July, 1906. George Routledge and Sons are the registered owners of the copyright, and the registration is proved; it is not disputed. The defendants started to publish a series of articles in their paper on the subject of the Salvation Army, and they have published in all now five articles. Their nominal day of issue is Saturday, but, as is common, the paper comes out on the Thursday. The last article, the fifth article which has come out at present, came out yesterday, and, unless restrained by injunction, there will be another next week.

Mr. Arthur Sims: Perhaps I may interrupt my learned friend. I have had no opportunity of dealing with the evidence so far as it has proceeded, and I have just had handed to me another affidavit which my learned friend has filed on behalf of his clients. I appear, as I told your lordship, for John Bull, Ltd., the publishers of the paper, and it is quite clear that there is a question to be tried. On behalf of my clients I do not admit that there has been any infringement whatever of the alleged copyright which the plaintiffs set up in this book, but there is a question to be tried, and we do not propose that your lordship should be troubled at any length now with regard to the facts or details of this case, unless my friend wishes to go on further. What I am proposing to my friend is this—it is for him to accept it or reject it as he likes—by the Writ, not only is an injunction claimed, but also damages, and the statutory penalties, whatever they may be. While not in any way admitting that there has been any infringement, and denying also that the plaintiffs have any copyright at all in their book, I am prepared, on behalf of my clients, to submit to an injunction here and now: no damages at all, or penalties, being claimed against my clients. If the matter is gone into any further I think it must be perfectly clear that the plaintiffs cannot suffer any damage at all. The publication by John Bull of the matter in question, if it has had any effect upon the plaintiffs' book and the plaintiff himself, must have been a beneficial one. A handsome acknowledgment has been made from time to time, in this publication, of Mr. Manson's book, and of the contents of it, and I should submit to your lordship that no damage at all can have been sustained by the plaintiffs by reason of what has been done.

Mr. Justice Neville: We cannot decide that now.

Mr. Arthur Sims: No, but I make this offer now, because, if it is refused, it is a matter which may be mentioned to your lordship later on at the trial.

Mr. Jenkins: It is quite obvious I cannot, without instructions from my client, who is not here for the moment, say that I will waive damage and all penalties. At present I am pressing for an interlocutory injunction. Of course if my learned friend is prepared to give me an undertaking on my cross undertaking for damages, that puts an end to the motion, and if the parties come to terms on the Order, we can then make an end of it, but I am not in a position to make an end of it without consultation with my client in the matter. If my friend likes to meet me in that way, and give me an undertaking on my cross undertaking, and let the parties consider it when the Order is drawn up, of course it may be done. I am quite desirous of shortening the matter.

Mr. Justice Neville: Mr. Sims, that seems to be the sensible thing to do. Of course I have heard your offer, and if you wish to rely upon it hereafter, you will be entitled to do so if there is anything in your contention, but, the position being what it is, I think you ought to give an undertaking till the trial. Let the thing remain *in statu quo* till the trial.

Mr. Arthur Sims: I give the undertaking on behalf of John Bull, Ltd.

Mr. Bottomley: I do not give it, my lord.

Mr. Jenkins: Then I propose to proceed.

Mr. Justice Neville: Let me point this out to you, Mr. Bottomley, that the giving of the undertaking does not in the least affect the merits of the dispute between the parties. John Bull, Ltd., having given the undertaking, the articles will not appear till the trial of the action. Therefore you will be wasting time if you dispute, on this motion, liability; because it would have to be tried all over again.

Mr. Bottomley: The difficulty is this. John Bull, Ltd., are not the publishers of the paper, they are the proprietors of the copyright, and I should be deceiving the Court in letting your lordship think that the undertaking of John Bull, Ltd., would be sufficient to prevent what the plaintiffs desire to prevent. I am quite willing to give an undertaking "not to infringe the plaintiffs' copyright." I have much pleasure in doing that, but I should then be left to my own judgment as to any infringement.

Mr. Justice Neville: It means publishing articles of a similar character to those which have been published.

Mr. Bottomley: That is much wider than is asked. Let me say that my contention is this: that practically everything in that book was in our own possession before the book was written, therefore we say we have not infringed. I am willing to give an undertaking not to infringe.

Mr. Jenkins: I cannot ask for more than an undertaking not to infringe the copyright.

Mr. Arthur Sims: When my friend says the copyright, I suppose he means alleged copyright, because we do not admit that there is any copyright at all.

Mr. Jenkins: I am asking for an injunction in this form: "from infringing the plaintiffs' duly registered copyright in a book called 'The Salvation Army and the Public,' by John Manson, and from republishing portions of the same in their paper 'John Bull' with only colourable alterations." That, of course, is the undertaking; but there must be no question of Mr. Bottomley's discretion.

Mr. Justice Neville: If there is a question as to your title to the copyright, of course, the Order must be made without prejudice to any question of copyright.

Mr. Jenkins: The Order is without prejudice to any question of copyright.

Mr. Justice Neville: If your title is imperfect, you must take the risk of damages.

Mr. Arthur Sims: It is not original matter at all.

Mr. Bottomley: Let it be understood, then, that I agree to the undertaking being given "without prejudice to any question as to the title to the copyright." And subject, of course, to the plaintiffs giving the usual undertaking as to damages.

Mr. Jenkins: The costs will be costs in the action.

Mr. Justice Neville: Yes. No costs now.

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON.

(Being the letters of Miss Peggy Warrender, of Richmond, Vg., to her favourite aunt.)

London, January 30th.

DEAR AUNT LAURA,—You asked me to *faithfully* chronicle my impressions of John Bull's Island, so I suppose I must commence before the gang-plank was lowered in the Liverpool dock to give you the "atmosphere" as they say. My ship was a British liner, as you know, and there was the usual number of Americans on business and Americans pleasure-hunting, and Englishmen returning from India by way of "the States," and Canadians going to visit aunts and cousins and grandfather's tomb. But we really were becoming acquainted with English life while yet on the "herring-pond." In the first place, Auntie dear, we had *six* meals every day! Our regular three supplemented by bouillon at eleven and tea at five and supper at nine. For you must know that eating is the habit indispensable "chez les Anglais." When they are tired they eat, and when they are bored they eat, and when they want an excuse for a conversation they eat again. And it isn't because they are such gourmands, you know. It is their manner of resting. We rest by a change of occupation. They rest by eating and "considering." No wonder their table manners are so lovely. Why shouldn't they be? They do nothing but practise. And then *our* grandfathers were so busy killing bears and Indians, they only ate when they were hungry, like Leatherstocking, and that's in our blood, I suppose.

After this digression I will return to the boat. There was an Englishman on board who had lived in India and Canada for twenty years and was returning home for the first time. Well, to hear that man talk! You would have thought that there was only one city since the world began, and that their little island, which you might put in a corner of Texas and lose completely, contained the lore of Greece and the power of Rome and the chivalry of the Moors, besides heaven knows how many other qualities not shared with any nation. It seemed so funny to us girls, brought up on a diet of belief that we lived in "God's own country," to hear a man raving so about a flag which wasn't Old Glory, and loving a country that he hadn't seen in twenty years, where they never had a Fourth of July or a Thirtieth of May, and where it is more important to have a grandfather that didn't work than to have a good heart and a splendid brain. And father got acquainted with an awfully nice man who sat at our table, and when he asked him what his business was, he said he was a "gentleman"! Helen thought that was too lovely for words. Just think of being able to say: I am not a doctor, or a lawyer, or a broker, or a journalist, for, you see, I am—a gentleman. Please tell Uncle Joe that my ideal is completely shattered. I had always thought he was the finest gentleman in the world, but I must have been mistaken, for, if he were, how could he go down to his bank every morning at eight o'clock and work so hard all day?

Well, all these impressions before Old England was even in sight. It was a glorious Saturday morning as we came into the harbour. We didn't have any trouble with the Customs because they are amiable enough to have Free Trade in this country, which, I'm sure, is most gratifying to their visitors. And there was the train to take us to London. Such a funny little train! I've gotten used to them now, but at first it seemed so strange to sit in compartments where everybody faced each other like we do in street cars, and you have to sit as straight as if you were in church. But nevertheless, I think that was the shortest three hours I ever put in in my life. It was all so wonderful and so interesting. It seemed just like Dickens and Thomas Hardy and everybody coming true. Although I had gone fifty thousand miles around America, I had never seen any rural scenes so beautiful. They have always hedges and never horrid old jagged fences, and everything is so green. You sort of feel, somehow, that the ground has been cultivated for centuries and centuries, and it is wonderfully kept up. I have never seen an English meadow that wasn't as clean as your own dear kitchen floor, not a stick or stone of litter. And then the little low houses that seem to cuddle up to the ground, and so many of them—will you believe me, Auntie? —*thatched*. You can't imagine how lovely the effect is. If Uncle Joe should ever prove just the least little bit tiresome, I wish you'd pack your bag and come over for two months in rural England. Wouldn't you edify your Tuesday Club some when you went back (stupid old things)!

Well, all good things must have an end, and so did that fairy trip from Liverpool to London. And before we knew it we were registered at the hotel and in two big rooms looking out on the Thames. Helen didn't seem a bit excited, but I assure you, dear darling, it was a red letter day for me. When I looked out of the window at that old river I half expected to see Queen Elizabeth's state barge anchored there, or old London Bridge with its queer little houses built all the way across. But what I did see was a great river all covered over with mist and a forest of buildings shrouded in mist, too—for all the world like one of Turner's pictures, everything vague and suggestive. And I've found since that that is London at its best. Under the sunlight it's hideously ugly, for it is so dirty and so built without rhyme or reason that the sun shows up all its defects. But, luckily, the sun doesn't disturb them very much, and in hazy weather everything is in harmony. The buildings melt into each other, and you see such Rembrandt tints as we never could imagine beneath our clear skies. And in the night it's lovelier still. For then there are all the lights blinking through the fog. That first night, after dinner, dad bundled Helen off to a theatre, but I simply refused to do anything so commonplace. So mother agreed to keep me company, and we got into a hansom and told the man to "drive all over London." He thought that was a joke, but he certainly did his best to interpret it. For we saw the Tower, and St. Paul's, and Piccadilly, and the Strand, and even went over on the Surrey side (which is like Brooklyn to New York, you know). And then we found father and went out and had supper, and just as we were in the midst of it they turned the lights out and we had to go home. For it is most "improper" (a thoroughly English word that) to eat in public after half-past twelve at night. So if you don't know enough to go home by that time, you are forced to consider the subject.

This is my last word for the moment, as after ten days of "doing" London, to say nothing of excursions to Canterbury and Windsor, my capacity for letter-writing is limited. You will receive the next edition in a week or so; I have simply millions of things to tell you and only one breath to say it all in. For, aside from all the objects of interest, there is always *the English*, and I assure you I never dreamed that two people who speak the same language (although it isn't the same language) could be so unlike from almost every point of view. Keep it secret, Auntie, dear, but, while I suppose everybody thinks his own country is "the only pebble on the beach," I'm sure we don't think so as aggressively as the English.

Please accept all the devotion of YOUR PEGGY.

BLACK SAND AND GOLD SHARES.

We have had occasion from time to time to direct attention to the ingenious and enterprising methods by which outside brokers seek to charm money from other pockets into their own, but these devices seem commonplace beside American methods. A lady sends us a mass of papers she has received from one Herbert A. Parkyn, of Chicago, Ill., financial agent of the Black Sand and Gold Recovery Company. Among other things Parkyn is an M.D. (American), and the editor of a magazine called *Suggestion*, a journal only intended, as he says, "for persons of unusual intelligence." A copy of this magazine was sent to our lady correspondent by Parkyn, who addressed her—a complete stranger—as "Dearest and most trusted friend." With the magazine is a long letter devoted to the merits of Black Sand and Gold Recovery shares. Savs the doctor:—

> If you have 5,000 dollars or only 50 dollars available for investment, I would urge you by all means to place every cent of it in this enterprise.

And accompanying the appeal is an order form the lady has to sign in which she is made to say:—

> "I subscribe for this stock with the understanding that it is to be held in escrow by the Chicago Title and Trust Company until April, 1908, but that I am immediately to receive a non-transferable escrow certificate from the Chicago Title and Trust Company, which is to be exchanged for certificates of stock when the escrow agreement expires, and that meanwhile I will be entitled to all dividends which may be declared, and have full power to vote my stock [illegible] stockholders' meetings."

YANKEE IMPUDENCE.

Perhaps we may explain for readers who are not lawyers that "escrow" means a writing fully executed by the parties, but put into the custody of a third party to hold until the fulfilment of some conditions, when it is to be delivered to the grantee. Not until such a delivery does it take effect as a deed or binding contract, and then it ceases to be called an escrow.

"Herbert A. Parkyn, financial agent" and M.D. (American), must be of Carlyle's opinion as to the intelligence of the British public. As if they had not rogues enough at home to satisfy the most credulous!

JOHN BULL'S POST-CARDS.

[JOHN BULL *drops a few post-cards to some of his friends and acquaintances.*]

To His Royal Little Highness Olaf, by Good Luck Crown Prince of Norway.

May it please your little Highness,—I am glad to see you. Make yourself at home. You may jump on all the best chairs and pull your father's hair, but leave the cat's tail alone. You can say "Papa" and "Mamma," they tell me, and these scintillating observations, so far as I am able to judge, compare very favourably with the remarks usually attributed to Royal personages. There are reams about you in all the papers. If you have not had all the reporters to play in the nursery, and have not repeated all the clever things you have said at breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and nighty-nighty, they must have invented them. In this case pray accept it as a sign that you have won their loving hearts.

You are half a sovereign already, and some day you will be a whole one. I would like you to grow up a good king, like papa and grandpa. The way to be a good king is to be a good boy, and the way to be a good boy is to learn all that is good, enjoy all that is good, and eat all that is good. A good appetite fears nothing, a wise king is never hard up for a crown, and whoso governs himself is master of a kingdom. Take care of the sovereign, and the pennies will take care of themselves, and remember that charity covers a multitude of sins; also that a merry heart is better than a phonograph. Never loaf round the throne, for that is worse than loafing round a public-house. Choose your friends carefully and your wife lovingly, and both may be worth having. In minding other people's business, mind it well, and always earn more than your salary, in order that you may be worth the money. If you want to know the time, don't ask a policeman, but live face to face with the clock, so that you won't mistake to-morrow for to-day. Be kind to mother, honour your father, and count me as one of the family.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. William Yates, of Blackburn.

Dear Sir,—Until your name got into the papers the other day I had no idea you were on earth. From what I can gather, you are a gentleman with a tremendous heart and a colossal bank balance, having made money in the engineering line, become tired of work, and settled down in a black-and-white check suit and a riverside residence. They tell me that your name on a bank draft is good enough for thousands, and the editors are already calling you an "open-handed philanthropist." I have heard people who are not editors call you other names, but I will not mention them. I think there are some things which people should keep to themselves.

Besides, if you enjoyed yourself in Covent Garden market, nobody has a right to complain. The money was your own, and if you care to give Jack Jones £100 in fivers to distribute among the deserving, as far as the money goes, it is your own affair. I do not know whether it reached the deserving, or whether it went as far as it should have gone. I have not seen Jack; but no doubt he did himself "prahd." Another splendid idea of yours was to buy ha'penny papers at £1 a time, and penny cotton handkerchiefs at half-a-sovereign each. If I had fallen across you, I would have sold you a pair of my old boots for a fiver, and allowed you 2½ per cent. off for spot cash. As it is, you can live in hopes of getting a biscuit for nothing.

It seems that a large multitude of tramps and idlers of all sorts are now at your gate daily; and I even hear a story about a man bringing you two rabbits worth at least eighteenpence a pair, and receiving a cheque for six guineas for the same. You are the sort of man the picture dealers would like to interview with a view to business. They could even do with you in the City, where trade is awfully dull. We are all remarkably silly at times, and some of us are sillier than the rest of us, are we not? When is the next distribution of riches? I know several people who would like tickets for the front seats.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss Olive Christian Malvery (Mrs. Mackirdy).

Madame,—An Indian lady settled in England, a traveller in many lands, a keen observer with many opportunities of observation, an investigator of social conditions who works amid them that you may know things at first hand, a coster among costers and a factory hand among factory hands, you have written "The Soul Market" fully equipped for your task. Recently there was published in the columns of JOHN BULL a worker's account of life and conditions in an English jam factory. In "The Soul Market" you reveal the conditions, not as a casual, but as a regular worker.

Disgusting and nauseous is the story you have to tell. "Owing to the heat and pressure of packing," you say in one part, "the fruit often arrived at the factory in a half-fermented mass; indeed, so bad was it often that it was impossible to pick out whole fruit. All we could do was to take up the mess by handfuls, pick out any leaves or stems that were prominent, and throw it into the net basket in a sort of pulp." Later, I find you in a canned meat factory. "On one occasion there came into the factory where I worked four enormous wooden cases containing tongues and sheeps' hearts, which were mildewed over, and smelt so fearfully that the odour made one physically sick; the whole air was polluted by the smell from these horrid cases, and yet every scrap of that diseased offal was used in the preparation of potted tongues and savouries of different kinds."

This is not in Chicago, but in London. You have seen with your own eyes. You have experienced it your own self. I do not wonder at your revelations. It was too much to suppose that all the food scandals are confined to Chicago, when there are only eight inspectors at the port of London to deal with meat consignments totalled at about 500,000 tons a year. There is not a food-producing factory in London which is adequately inspected. Madame, I thank you for lifting the veil another fold from the English Jungle.

JOHN BULL.

Monsieur Milichevich, Servian Minister at the Court of St. James's.

Gospodine,—I want to ask you a simple question. You were raised up from penury by the bounty of the House of Obrenovich. King Milan made you his private secretary, and you enjoyed the confidence of that versatile man. He showered favours upon you and treated you almost as a friend. When he disappeared, you were entrusted with high diplomatic missions by King Alexander. Everything you have ever had has been bestowed upon you by the Obrenovich dynasty. Now you turn up as the hireling, the spy, and the *âme damnée* of King Alexander's assassins. You eat the bread of Peter the Regicide. You sell the secrets of old friends and colleagues, in order to secure a discredited sinecure. Have you no pride, no sense of decency, no sense of gratitude, no memory of the benefactors who pulled you out of the gutter?

JOHN BULL.

DEAR MADAM (or SIR),

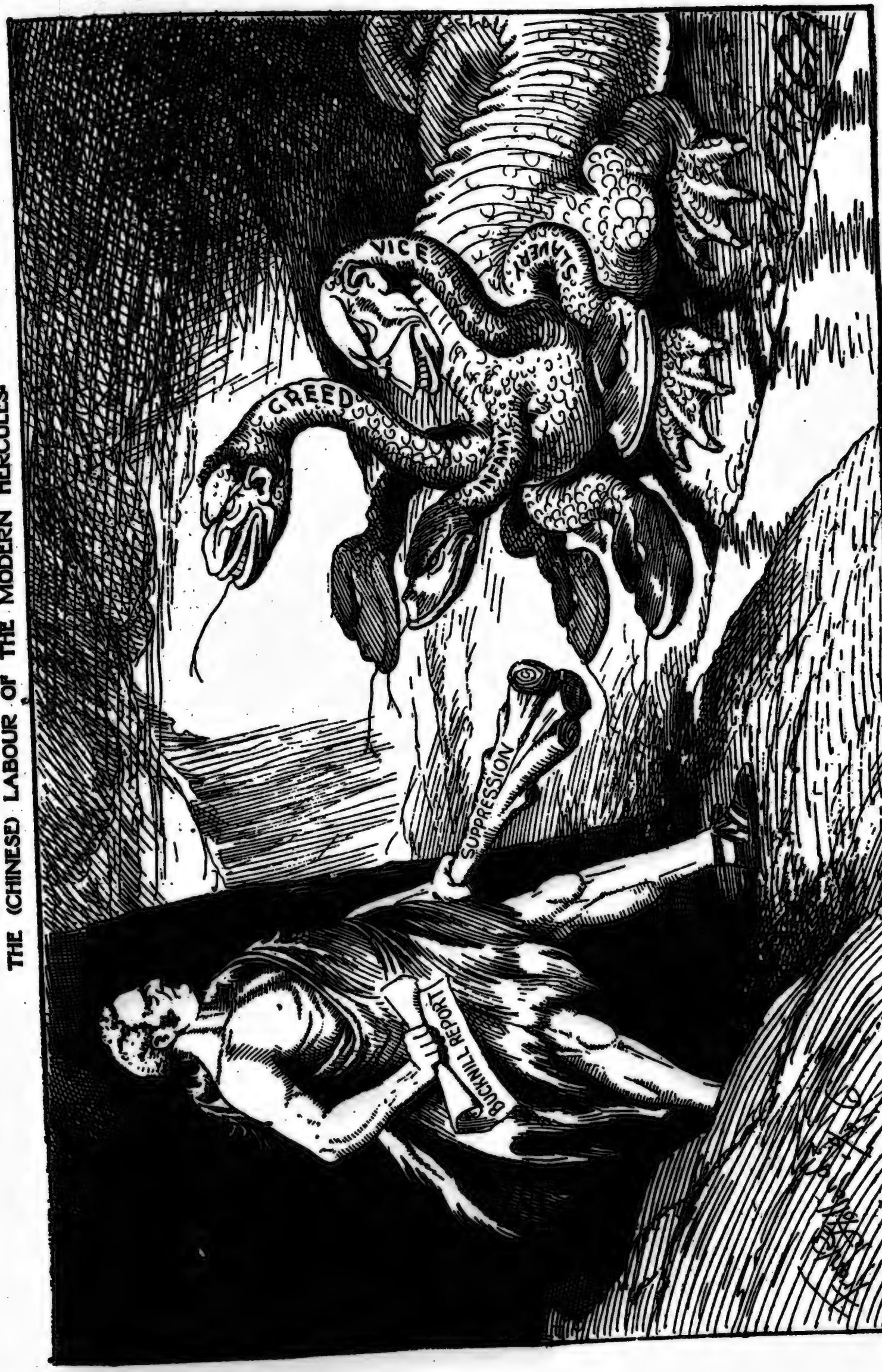
May I send you some specimen copies of JOHN BULL *for distribution amongst any of your friends who are not at present readers?*

Yours respectfully,

THE PUBLISHER.

186, *Fleet Street, E.C.*

THE (CHINESE) LABOUR OF THE MODERN HERCULES.



"STRIKE, JOHN, AND STRIKE HARD!"

THE LONGSHOREMAN.

By P. C. Lyell.

It was Bertha who saw him first. She has a keen eye for interesting types, and makes a point of entering into conversation with them on the slightest opportunity. I generally look in at the end of the interview and distribute *largesse*—though I fail to understand why a "type" should expect *largesse* in return for the privilege of talking to Bertha. Perhaps he resents the strain upon his inventive faculties. Bertha has, I admit, a habit of pertinacious, if uncritical, cross-examination.

On this particular occasion, the longshoreman, attracted doubtless by our admiring gaze, strode heavily towards us across the beach. He had just the correct amount of roll in his gait, the right shade of bronze upon his cheek, and the orthodox quid of tobacco inside it.

Bertha thrilled as he drew near. "Here," she whispered, "is what we have been looking for. Here is one of the jolly tars, one of the gallant sea-dogs, one of the hearts of oak" (she quoted vaguely from her repertory of nautical songs) "that are the pride and mainstay of our island home."

When she paused for breath, I murmured that the man under observation looked indeed a "typical salt." If the remark sounds rather tame, the fact must be attributed to the difficulty I experience in keeping pace with Bertha's enthusiasms.

"Fine day for a sail, sir!" remarked the new-comer, diffusing as he spoke, an aroma of mingled creosote and nicotine.

"Oh, do get into conversation with him!" whispered Bertha.

I accordingly cleared my throat. "I am a mere lubberly son of a sea-cook," I began, nervously, "and seldom or never have occasion to go down to the sea in ships. But there are close ties which unite me to the seafaring life. I have a brother-in-law in the Admiralty, and——"

If I had blushed for some peccant relative in gaol, the longshoreman couldn't have been nicer in his manner. "That's all right, guv'nor," he genially interposed. "Only I thought there was no 'arm done in askin' if you felt like a sail this afternoon?" He looked from me to Bertha, and back again. Bertha, who was gazing wistfully out to sea, made no attempt to reply; I doubt if she even heard his question.

The conversation had in consequence begun to flag rather hopelessly when she suddenly swept into it.

"Tell me," she exclaimed, still gazing at the horizon, "do not you sailors often feel, while you are tossed to and fro by the winds and waves, how insignificant all human affairs become in comparison with the awful forces of nature?"

The longshoreman eyed Bertha with evident perplexity, while he scratched his stubbly beard. "Ar, you might put it that way, to be sure," he remarked at length; "but I dunno as them sentiments strikes us anywise *forcible*, yer know; not while we're acterally on the v'yage, at any rate."

"Of course! How stupid of me," replied Bertha. "While you are at sea, you have no time for musing. Every nerve is on the alert lest the tempest should strike you unawares."

"Ar, you might put it that way," repeated the longshoreman, with judicial caution.

"You have had plenty of strange experiences, no doubt?" pursued Bertha, enticingly.

"I *hev* seen some queer things in my time," he assented, reflectively rolling his quid.

"O, then do tell me a thrilling yarn, please," cried Bertha, with delight. She seated herself at once on a half-buried groyne, while the longshoreman, keeping one eye on the watch for any expression of incredulity that might appear on my face, plunged into his story with a facility born of long practice.

"One of the thrillingest things I remember is the v'yage I went in '83 in the steamship *Evadne*, a vessel of 900 tons, bound for Liverpool from Valparaiso, with a cargo of nitrate and copper-ore. I was first mate, and the skipper was Cap'n Joshua Spinks, one of the unaccountablest mortals as ever I've sailed with. When 'e was roused, 'is temper fair ran away with 'im; and yet at ordinary times 'e was too mild to kill the cockroaches in 'is sugar-basin. On this voyage we carried a little cabin-boy, name o' Saunders. A perky little feller, 'e was, with plenty an' to spare in the matter of tongue. 'Is dooties was to bring the old man 'is breakfast every mornin' an' make 'imself generally useful.

"Now it 'appened one day that Saunders did something to offend the old man. I don't remember exactly what it was, but I know the old man complained forcible-like, as you might say. What does young Saunders do but start givin' back answers; and that was a thing Spinks couldn't never abide. 'E just gave a perishin' look at the boy, and told 'im it would be advisable to play rather less chin-music if 'e didn't want to find 'imself overboard."

"What is chin-music?" demanded Bertha.

"It means talkin' rather too eloquent, miss," replied the longshoreman. "Well, would you believe me, Saunders didn't take the 'int while there was time; and sure enough next minute the old man lifted 'im up and pitched 'im clean over the side."

"But what a wicked thing for the captain to do!" exclaimed Bertha, attempting to silence with a frown the jaunty air I had begun to whistle.

"And so it was, miss," replied the longshoreman, imperturbably. "Still, 'e did it, and the boy sank, and we all stood kind of flummoxed, waitin' for 'im to come up.

"There was only me as 'ad presence of mind to act. Directly I saw the boy sailin' through the air, I telegraphed 'full speed astern,' and stood on the watch ready to throw out a life-belt. But for all our watchin' and waitin', there was nary a sight of young Saunders."

"What was the captain doing all this time?" asked Bertha.

"Stood dazed at the dreadful thing 'e 'ad done. Leastwise, that's what I guess, though I don't rightly remember, bein' so busy myself at the time. But after a bit, 'e pulled 'imself together and came up to me and sez: 'What are we waitin' for?' 'e sez. 'Lookin' for young Saunders," I sez; 'and a pretty business it looks like bein' for somebody. We've run 'im down, that's what we've done,' I sez; 'the ship's got on top of 'im and 'eld 'im down under the water.'

"'Oh, so 'e ain't come up yet!' sez the old man. 'Well, shiver my timbers——'"

"How *real!*" exclaimed Bertha; "it's just what a sailor would say, isn't it!"

"'Shiver my timbers,' 'e sez, 'let 'im keep company for a bit with the barnacles on the ship's bottom. I'll not lose time for all the Saunderses as ever sailed the sea,' 'e sez—or words to that effect.

"And there wasn't a man aboard as durst cross the captain in 'is wrath: leastwise, none 'cept me; and I up and sez, 'This is black murder, sir!' I sez. I'd got as fer as that when 'e turned on me with a roar. 'Let me 'ear the sound of *your* pipe again,' 'e bellowed, 'and I'll clap you in irons for the rest of the v'yage!'

"All the same, 'e was dreadful uneasy in 'is conscience the rest of that day. Time after time 'e'd open 'is mouth to say something to me, and then alter 'is mind and go off mutterin' to 'imself.

"Considerin' all things, I wasn't surprised next mornin' when 'e sent special for me to go to 'is cabin.

"'Ferguson,' 'e sez, 'ave you 'eard anything in the night?'

"'No, sir,' I sez, 'nothing barrin' the customary sounds incidental to the v'yage.'

"'Well,' 'e sez, 'all night long I've 'eard a voice cryin' *Cap'n Joshua, Cap'n Joshua Spinks: save me, Cap'n Joshua!*'

"'That's queer,' I sez, tryin' to speak matter-of-fact, 'What sort of a voice was it?'

"'Thin and pipin' and wailin'. Ghostly. Like—whose voice would it be like, now?' 'e sez, moppin' 'is forrid.

"'Like young Saunders's?' I suggested, casual-like.

"''E give a guilty start, miss, and wouldn't look me in the face. 'Well,' 'e sez at last, 'it wasn't unlike 'im.'

"'Where did it come from?' sez I.

"'It sort of floated up from the 'old,' 'e sez. 'And when the voice was quiet, I could 'ear the sound of—well, it was like little fingers scrattin' and clawin' at the ship's keel. An' then the cryin' would begin again.'

"'I don't see 'ow them light sounds would carry so far,' I sez.

"'Anything's possible when it's supernatural,' 'e cried. And with that 'e poured 'imself out a noggin of brandy and drank it off."

"What is a noggin?" asked Bertha.

"A noggin," I replied, "is a liquid measure in use among pirates and other romantic seafaring people. But we are interrupting."

"I felt there was no more to be said," resumed the longshoreman, "so I turned to go. To cut a long story short——"

"Not on our account, I beg," murmured I.

". . . the next night the skipper spent was just such another as the first. And 'e loked more'n ever a wreck of a man the followin' mornin'.

"'Ferguson,' 'e sez, with 'is 'and on the brandy-bottle,

'it's young Saunders's ghost. I've 'eard it all again. It's drawin' me down; it's fascinatin' me!'

"'Ah!' I sez, significant, 'drink's been the ruin of many a better man than us two.'

"'I don't mean that, you fool," 'e sez, 'I'm talkin' about the voice.'

"'Oh!' sez I, with a sniff.

"'And if I 'ear it any more,' 'e went on, 'I shall make exhaustive investigations on the spot.'

"'Among the barnacles?' I sez, usin' 'is own words innocent-like.

"'Ferguson, you're a fool,' 'e sez. 'I shall investigate the 'old, where, in my opinion, there's trickery at work. There's disaffection among my crew, and I'm goin' to look into it,' 'e repeated, pourin' out another noggin of brandy. 'If there's mutiny, I'll nip it in the bud!' And so I left 'im in 'is cabin, shakin' and mutterin'.

"And now comes the strange part of the story. Folks think the old man must 'ave 'eard the voice again, for in the dead of night 'e went down all by 'imself into the 'old. Something fascinated 'im, as 'e said. What 'e saw—or fancied 'e saw—down there, nobody can't tell, for 'e never came up alive. When we missed 'im next mornin', the 'old was the first place I thought of searchin', and sure enough, there I found the dead body of Cap'n Joshua Spinks, face downwards, drownded in six inches of bilge-water."

* * * * * * *

"Ferguson," I said, "(your name *is* Ferguson, isn't it?) you are not devoid of merit as a *raconteur*. Some day you must tell us how you disposed of the hundred and one legal difficulties that would inevitably crop up when you got into port. But don't be disconcerted; we will leave those points till another time. Meanwhile——"

And I added my mite to the endowment of the local school of fiction.

THE RETURN.

By Vera Canute.

A wedding gown, made of some soft, white stuff hung over the chair by the kitchen fire to warm. A man and woman sat in this cottage room, she knitting, he smoking a long clay pipe.

"'Tis near time Janet and her man came, wife," said the man.

"'Tis very near time," answered the waiting mother.

Janet, however, did not come that day, but sent a letter telling her parents that the wedding must be put off for a little time, she was sure it was only for a little time. Joe (he was in a marching regiment) had been ordered away, but he would come back soon; she was sure he would come back soon.

So the pretty, poor wedding clothes bought with Janet's wage money (she had twelve pounds a year, and gave her mother half) were put away.

Janet was the only living child—the other, also a woman child, was sleeping, sleeping always.

Janet was fair; very tall, very timid, with the dawn in her hair, red dawn.

Janet was away Devonwards in the service, surely the most cruel, the most exacting, the most thankless general service, of a mistress of a small household.

Her mistress spoke little, Janet told her mother, except to fling hard words to her. Her mistress never smiled, encouraged, or spoke kindly; her master did not speak to her at all. But how little this had mattered; what of the work, the words, the aching feet, imprisonment, the slow, sure strangling of youth—when love came to her? Even to her, and what was she? A thing without riches, powerless, without influence, unsought, love held out its casket of treasures in warm, sweet, supplicating hands.

Love healed the wounds the sharp words had torn in her heart; made her forget worn fingers, aching feet; love burst the bars, and her heart was free. Janet's heart was free; what mattered her body's imprisonment?

And then there were Sundays. Sunday evenings, wet or cold, were Sundays of sun to Janet, something to look forward to, worth waiting, working for.

Now the days went by. The mother received no letters. Weeks passed, months, and then, one day,

THE SOURCE OF PHYSICAL ENERGY.

Expert Opinions of Dr. Hedley and Prof. Loeb.

Dr. W. S. Hedley, in his work, "Therapeutic Electricity," says: "In Therapeutic Electricity, as in other branches of applied science, electricity owes its usefulness to the fact that it offers a ready and rapid means of transferring energy from one point to another. The electrical engineer, by various devices, transfers chemical, mechanical, or other energy into electrical forces, and so makes the former reappear when and where he will, as light, as heat, or sound, or motion. The medical man similarly transforms the same energy and transfers it; but this time it is destined to reappear as work, in the shape of physiological action, physical effects or electrolytic change, on the various tissues and organs of the body."

Prof. Jacques Loeb, after experimenting for over ten years, makes this announcement: "A part of the chemical energy of foodstuffs is transformed into electrical energy, which in turn gives energy to the muscles and organs of the body. Electricity, and not heat, is the life of the body. These discoveries are going to upset the theories of medicine as administered by the physicians of to-day, as it is settled that electricity is the basis of human vitality."

Pour a constant stream of electric life into the nerve centres while you sleep. They absorb the current as a sponge does water; they drink up this electric life and quickly convert it into physical energy, and it is thus forced into the blood, producing animation, vivacity, and unlimited energy. It removes all effects of weakness, and by building up the entire system does away with all indications of failing vitality.

"Electricity—The Road to Health" is the title of the latest volume on practical electricity. It is well worth two guineas to any one, and yet it is sent free, postage prepaid, to any reader of John Bull. A postcard or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring it to you at once. It tells all about the famous "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery, the appliance which holds the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit. Write at once for the book, or call for a free demonstration and test.

A Boon to City Men.

10 Minutes from Rail and Nice Country Town, and 25 Miles from London. . .

FREE DEEDS.

NO LAW COSTS.

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Land from £35 an acre. Good six-room residences on a large plot of land, with bath room and every modern convenience, from £285. Water laid on. Main Sewer Situation as above described.

POSSESSION ON PAYMENT OF 10%, BALANCE SPREAD OVER 21 YEARS.

Write for particulars of above, and estates in eleven different counties, to

HOMESTEADS, Ltd.,

(R.) 27, ESSEX STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Janet came. Not the Janet the mother knew as a baby—soft, warm—or the graceful Janet of sweet womantime, but a stopping, pale-faced thing, like a white, broken-stemmed flower, with night in her eyes—black night.

The mother stared at her, the father shrank from her; she fell in a heap at his feet. Janet sobbed; never, except from the throat of a wounded bird, has been heard such a sob.

Her father shrank from her, but the mother's arms were about her, as she told her story—this poor little outcast from a fickle soldier's heart, from the house of a cruel, untempted, unlearned mistress of women slaves.

The marriage promise had been broken—the end of the thankless work was not, as she had thought, at hand; only the beautiful promise of the journeying to her of a little one—soft, warm—was to be fulfilled.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

Following our exposure of the abuses which surround imprisonment for debt, Judge Tindal Atkinson has expressed his own views on the matter.

> "In common, I believe, with the majority of County Court judges, I would like to see imprisonment for debt entirely abolished. The credit system would then fall as a matter of course.
>
> "Eleven thousand men go to prison for debt every year. Men earning fourteen shillings a week are frequently allowed to run up debts of £6, simply because the present law gives their creditors such a strong hold by enabling them to send debtors to prison for long-standing debts.
>
> "By abolishing long credit and imprisonment for debt, the co-operative and cash payment systems would be encouraged."

There can be little doubt but that the indiscriminate giving of credit causes people to incur debts which they cannot hope to pay, and that the knowledge that, if all else fails, creditors can have their debtors committed to prison, encourages the credit system.

We take the following advertisements from current issues of the daily Press:—

> **A.A.A.A.A.A.**—To BANK CLERKS and others who appreciate good clothing, we are now prepared to accept orders for perfectly cut suits, etc., on the "Times" plan of monthly payments at strictly moderate prices, deposit 5s.; newest materials now ready; best value in the City; private and elegantly appointed showrooms.—Call or write for patterns and particulars, H. J. Searle and Son, Ltd., 82, Cheapside, E.C. First floor. Exactly opposite Bucklersbury. (Estab. 1857.) Telephone, 5,442 Central.
>
> **A.A.A.A.**—High-class credit tailoring suits, overcoats, ladies' costumes, on "Times" system.—Premier Tailoring Co., 74, Fleet Street.
>
> **A.A.A.**—FASHIONABLE SUIT OR OVERCOAT to measure, on improved system; 10s. monthly.—Adams, 140, Strand (opp. Gaiety).
>
> **A.A.**—CREDIT TAILORING.—Suits to measure, 35s., or 5s. monthly.—Wittam, 231, Old Street, E.C.
>
> **A1.**—HIGH-CLASS TAILORING on improved system; 10s. monthly.—A. Barwell, 416, Strand (opp. Tivoli).
>
> **A.**—SMART SUIT OR OVERCOAT to measure, on "Times" system; 10s. monthly.—Adams, 28, Regent Street (nr. Piccadilly Circus).
>
> **A** SMARTLY CUT SUIT, latest materials, from 35s.; monthly terms arranged; West End cutters.—Russell and Co., 42, Fenchurch Street (corner Mincing Lane) and 58, Cheapside (corner Bow Lane); all transactions confidential.
>
> **SUITS**, 30s., to measure; easy payments; patterns, etc., post free.—Benson's, 71, Camden Road, Camden Town (8 doors from North London Railway Station).
>
> **2/6** DOWN will secure you fashionable suit or overcoat to measure.—Scott and Co., Smart Style Credit Tailors, 10, Cheapside, and 266, Edgware Road, W.

Are these announcements part and parcel of legitimate trading, or, apart from the necessarily shoddy nature of the articles supplied on the terms and at the prices quoted, are they not criminal in their tendency? A clerk who cannot clothe himself decently out of his salary unless he be allowed to pay by monthy instalments of 5s. each is probably spending his income in unwise ways, and, if this be the case, he may be tempted to help himself out of his employer's till to pay his tailor the instalments when he is threatened.

Here is another:—

> **SUITS** supplied first payment, 1s. weekly, 2s. 6d. deposit; ready made or measured, 28s.; blue serge, 38s.—Grimshaw Hayes, 601, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.

What must be the profit on a 28s. suit, payment for which is by instalments of 1s., running over a period of half-a-year, with only 2s. 6d. paid down? Mr. Grimshaw Hayes must be spending hundreds of pounds yearly to spread the good news that one can get at his establishment suits of clothes of the highest cut, on the lowest terms and the longest credit. Assuredly, long before even half the instalments are paid, these 28s. suits will have found their way to the rag merchants.

These cases affect the poorer classes. Those who purchase jewellery or furniture on credit know that the articles do not belong to them until paid for, and that, if default be made in the instalments, the goods can be taken away. But, in the case of clothes, the very nature of the transaction renders it impossible for the unfortunate debtor to release himself from the incubus laid upon him. It is a scandal that this long-credit system should be perpetrated, and we hope that the matter will soon be taken in hand.

SNAILS

By P. O'T.

Although few English *gourmets* have become used to the joys and pleasures of snail-eating, there is always a great demand for snails in France. In the streets near the great Paris markets you may see many shops devoted to this delicacy, some ornamented by an immense gorgeous gilt snail as a sign, so that there may be no mistaking the wares sold. Outside, huge tubs of snails in the rough are displayed just as they arrive from the country, and there are besides dishes of carefully prepared snails all ready for eating. These have been first cooked, and then extracted from their shells and finely minced up. Then the meat is mixed with the finest butter, with chopped parsley and other herbs, and finally the shells, trimmed up and made smart, are refilled to the brim with the paste.

Enormous quantities of snails are consumed every year in France. Last year nearly two millions were eaten in Paris alone, and every year they become more popular. Some time ago they were distinctly in disgrace with epicures, but now they are again in high favour, thanks chiefly to the influence of the great chef, Escoffier, who has a high opinion of their culinary possibilities. Who could resist them when he offers them under the poetic title of "Nymphs of Burgundy"?

There is a peculiar and very delicate flavour about the edible snail, which might almost be designated a land oyster. As there are many English people who can never be persuaded to look at the most luscious native oyster, so in France, too, there are many who shrink with horror from the idea of eating snails. But at one time snails were very fashionable even in England. It is true that this was long ago—indeed, it was in the time of the Romans, who first introduced the taste into this country. It is a strange fact that round Oxford and other ancient Roman cities, large numbers of the real big edible snail may be found, evidently descendants of those patrician molluscs destined once to form a Roman banquet, while in many other parts of the country they are almost unknown. A famous London caterer assures me that a considerable quantity of snails are consumed in this country during the winter, especially in London. Snails are Lenten fare, and in Roman Catholic countries are very much used and appreciated during the forty days as a pleasant change and variety from the monotonous diet of fish and eggs.

The best snails—indeed, the only ones eaten here—come from foreign countries nowadays. France sends us most, though in Austria, Bavaria, and Switzerland there are many snail farms. The most famous are in Burgundy, where there are many vines, for the snail loves vine leaves and fattens amazingly well on them. Around Dijon and Macon there are numerous "parks," as the farms are called, and these open their gates in the month of August.

The snails are first carefully collected by the labourers, for August is the season when the animals bestir themselves

with the greatest activity. The gatherers search for them in moss, at the roots of trees, and below the old walls surrounding vineyards and woods. Then they deposit them in the parks, which are grassy plots of land surrounded by walls specially built to prevent the creatures escaping. From August to the end of October the snails feed diligently.

All the delicacies they love best are provided for them, and the park is half in shade and half in sun, like a bull-ring, so that they can warm themselves when they please, and retire into a dark corner when they feel bored. Growing in the grass they find all sorts of luscious herbs, such as mint and marjoram, thyme and sage.

Here for three months they gorge themselves to their hearts' content, and finally, when the weather begins to grow cold, they stop feeding and prepare to take their winter's rest, little dreaming that they will wake up to find themselves in Paris with a murderous cook bending over them. Then handfuls of leaves and moss are thrown over the ground, and the somnolent, well-lined snails crawl beneath them. But before retiring to rest they cleverly close up their shells entirely with a sort of calcareous substance.

The farmer then makes his rounds, picking up the sleeping snails in great basketfuls and bears them off to the cellars, where they are stored until required. After this the parks are closed till the following August, and all the barriers taken down, while the farmer and his assistants busy themselves preparing some of the snails for immediate consumption.

Talking of consumption, some authorities in France consider snails to be an absolute specific against the disease. You may buy an emulsion of snails or snail paste, either of which is much prized for lung complaints.

The Romans used to fatten their snails quite differently, putting them into great earthenware pots, and feeding them on a paste made of wine and flour.

The present taste for snails in France is of comparatively recent date, and began after the French Revolution. A story is told how the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia was entertained at dinner by Prince Talleyrand Périgord. Now Talleyrand was a very great epicure, and, better still, he possessed Anacréon, the most marvellous chef of the age. Between them they racked their brains and searched their recipe books for some entirely original and exotic dish to set before the Emperor.

At last the Prince remembered how he had once eaten the most exquisite concoction of snails in Vienna. He consulted with Anacréon, and finally they evolved a dish which they christened "Escargots à la Bourguignonne." At this famous dinner-party half the celebrities of Europe were present. Anacréon's snails achieved an instant and immense success; since that time they have been one of the favourite dishes of the Parisian epicure.

For any of my readers who are longing to try the savoury snail, I may mention that it is anything but costly fare. Five shillings seems indeed a mere nothing for a hundred snails upon whom so much care and attention has been lavished, when, moreover, they are packed in an artistic box, and accompanied by a special snail-fork for their service.

In conclusion, I transcribe for those who would like to experiment at home, a recipe kindly given me by Monsieur Benoist, the famous caterer:—"The snails should be first scalded in order to whiten the shells, then the animals must be extracted. After the entrails and any other impurities have been removed, let them simmer for about six hours. A quantity of butter should be prepared, mixed with ground onions, parsley, pepper and salt. Put a little in the empty shell, then replace the snail, covering the whole with the preparation."

I know most people shrink with horror from the idea of snail-eating, but, like cold baths, it is merely a question of habit. Once acquire the taste, and I am assured that it will infallibly grow upon you. For my part, I confess that I have not yet dared to take the plunge.

FROM JAMES TO JOHN.

The struggle which faces the world in the near future, my dear John, is the nice adjustment of wealth. No society can be in otherwise than a dangerous state in which it is possible for the plutocrat and the pauper to be found cheek by jowl. It is an old problem that has taxed many minds for many generations, but a generation that will soon be here will be the last that will be able to pass it on to the next. Increased facilities for locomotion and communication have materially decreased the earth's size in effect, as surely as if our planet had shrunk and grown smaller. Hence men and women are being continually forced nearer and nearer to each other, and the millionaire is ever so much nearer to the "miserable" than was Lazarus to Dives. Invention tends to lessen inequality, and invention—mechanical invention—has been rampant since the beginning of last century. What was impossible for the poor years ago, invention has put into their hands, and to-day there is but a difference of three letters between the poor and the rich. The latter has his motor car—the former possesses his motor 'bus.

The problem of wealth resolves itself into the question of how to prevent waste. Egypt was faced with a like problem with its river, which is its life-blood. At one season of the year the Nile poured with rushing force through its deltas into the Mediterranean, and millions of gallons wasted which were sadly wanted throughout the land at another. Starvation and famine frequently succeeded a period of river-swell, and a huge accession of precious water ran its course midst banks which had been devastated by drought. Mechanical science—invention—has largely mitigated this inequality in the provision of nature by the great dams which regulate the river's flow.

Is it inconceivable that man will invent some such means for regulating the flow of wealth throughout society?

* * * * * *

Here are some maxims revised to date:—

"Honesty is the last policy."

"Like chauffeur like car."

"The better the day the better the feed."

"Man proposes—woman disposes."

"Of two evils, choose both."

* * * * * *

A correspondent who sends to the present writer a letter in reference to the Jewish Colonisation Association, but desires to remain unknown as "A Jewish Reader," says:—

"That the Jewish Colonisation Association has been a ghastly failure is acknowledged by all who know anything of their work—of course, the self-sufficient directors think otherwise, but they are gloriously alone in their opinion.

"It can well be understood that the Jewish Colonisation Association is not anxious to publish its balance-sheet when it has such incomptent men on its board. Who can tell how much it has been swindled out of? Could not the Charity Commissioners intervene?"

It is to be doubted whether the Association could be brought within the jurisdiction of the Charity Commissioners, but perhaps one of these days "John Bull" may turn his attention to this concern. A body which has the administration of millions, and publishes no balance-sheet, may well be a fruitful field for inquiry. Your truthful JAMES.

THE
Chills of Winter
Cannot harm you when your digestion is sound and your blood pure. Good food properly digested not only nourishes, but warms your whole body; and good, pure blood courses freely in its channels, and bears the rich glow of health to every part. Mother Seigel's Syrup ensures perfect digestion and pure blood; tones and invigorates your stomach and liver; regulates your bowels; cleanses your whole system. Take it, and the vigour and snap of perfect health will tingle in your veins. You can defy the keen winds, for frost and fog and damp
Strike only the Feeble.
"I caught a chill from sleeping in a damp bed, and the result was a violent attack of sciatica. I could not move and was in dreadful agony. I was in hospital for some time, but was taken home again worse than ever. My groaning could be heard downstairs. But a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup eased me, and after a short course I was restored to health."—From Miss Lily Burden, 90, Warwick Road, Kensington, London, W. March 17, 1906.
Take MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP
And be Strong to Resist.
The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

BULL'S EYES.

[Being flashes of wit and genius from members of our staff—mostly after dinner.]

Some Unfounded Rumours:—
That there was something funny in *Punch* last week.

.....

That the transfer of the War Office to its new sleeping quarters was quite a moving sight.

.....

That Poplar is a much over-rated place.

.....

That the non-Trust firms are getting up a testimonial in the shape of a "Bust" for Mr. Lever.

.....

That M.A.P. means "Mainly about *Pearson's*."

.....

That Prince "All-laugh" is an excellent name for Norway's future king.

.....

That Mr. H. G. Wells' next book will be called "The *Times* Machine."

.....

That lots of people take in the *Daily Mail*, and *vice-versâ*.

Last week the House of Commons sat for nineteen hours, but nothing much was hatched.

.....

Dr. Handford, of the Nottingham Hospital, says, "It is the churchman's duty to see that the churches of the land are better ventilated." The Church is too busy ventilating her own grievances just now.

"The Cricket on the Hearth" is to be produced at Terry's Theatre shortly. It is not stated who will play the title-rôle.

Christmas puddings are to be dear. They always are—at any price.

.....

An advertisement of one of the Harmsworth productions is headed: "We Blame Ourselves." That is better.

Text for the Public: "Trust not, that ye be not trussed."

According to Mrs. Martel: "No power in heaven or hell would stop the women demanding the franchise." But what about the powers on earth?

The Cleveland (Ohio) Y.M.C.A. has decided, by 10 votes to 7, that a millionaire cannot be an honest man. If John Bull goes on as it is doing, we shall be getting dishonest.

.....

Chicago is going to pay someone £2,000 per annum to toot its horn. No descendants of George Washington need apply.

According to the *Express*, "Ten years ago only a millionairess, or a lady of title, wore a tiara, but to-day *there are few women who do not possess one.*" Next please!

"Bacteria are too small for the bulky policeman to catch," says the Mayor of Colne. No wonder Robert is so healthy.

Answers states, "Madrid lies higher than any other European capital." *How* it must lie!

Consequences:—
A Poplar Pauper.....met.....A Poplar Guardian..... playing "Snapdragon" at "The Mawdsley Arms."..... The P.P. said, "Where do I come in?".....The P.G. said, "Help yourself!".....The consequence was.....that they got *Burns*.....And the world said, "Is this the only case, John?"

.....

An actress.....met.....an undesirable alien.....at the Law Courts.....She said, "Listen to my tale of woe."..... He said, "I am a man of honour."..... The consequence was.....a great display of dirty linen.....And the world said, "It ought not to be published," and read every word of it.

.....

A Churchman.....met.....a Nonconformist.....on Scriptural grounds.....The C. said, "The child needs *my* food."..... The N. said, "No, *mine* contains all the necessary ingredients."..... The consequence was.....that the child died while they wrangled.....And the long-suffering world said, "The child wants a square meal; I shall have to tackle this job myself."

People Who Get On One's Nerves.—The man who wears a "Puncher's cap." Be not afraid! The chances are he wears it because he can't afford a bowler. All the same, if you meet him in a bar draw your glass just out of his way. He is a rare chap to make mistakes.

.....

There is also the man who calls you "Old Chap" before he has known you five minutes. Mark him well! and keep your stick handy. You may have to mark him again.

.....

Then there is the man who thinks himself a "pro," and wishes you to believe him because he says he is. As a rule, the most he has done was to give you the "pip" somewhere, on some one occasion, when the chance of a lifetime came off.

"The Girl and the Gods," just out, is evidently another theatrical novel. Of course, "The Boy and the Box" will soon follow.

While an Islington family were sitting at dinner a dray fell into the area, and several barrels of beer went through the window. Not only did the lucky tenant swim in liquid refreshment, but he obtained £15 compensation as well, with the beer thrown in.

An article in "M.A.P.," entitled "Can Scotchmen Sing?" suggests that the editor has never been near St. Paul's on New Year's eve.

At a Lewisham Borough Council meeting one of the speakers said: "On the cemetery they were landed with a bill for £24,000, and all they could do with it was to let it out for allotments." We should think the allotment holders would find it a hard job to get anything to come up.

For the purpose of creating two new bishoprics, the Archbishop of York is willing to give up £2,000 a year, conditional on other people finding £40,000!

Canon Horsley says that crime is largely condensed beer. We suppose that virtue would be called condensed milk—of human kindness.

A contemporary tells us that "some novelties" were to be seen recently at the Brewers' Exhibition. Barley and hops, no doubt.

An advertisement reads: "Are you taking Beecham's pills at home?" We hope so.

In a French translation of "Macbeth" the line "Frailty, thy name is woman!" appears as "Mdme. Frailitie is the name of the lady."

Although Mr. Lloyd-George's receptions in Birmingham have always been of the warmest, we are in a position to deny the rumour that the Right Honourable gentleman intends taking up his residence in that city.

Mr. Passmore Edwards says that when in Parliament he used to turn out any gas that was not required. He ought to have been there during the education debates.

The following notice is on the wall of a house in St. Denis: "In case of fire, ask for help at the cemetery." Of course, cemetery folk know all about fire. Still, it is playing it low down.

The barrister's clerk who died in the Mitre Tavern, Chancery Lane, the other day, was only taking a "refresher."

Here are some recent theatrical changes. "Peter Pan" follows "Toddles" at the Duke of York's; "Toddles" follows "Peter's Mother" at Wyndham's, and "Peter's Mother" follows the "Dairy Maids" at the Apollo. Quite an exciting chase!

At Clerkenwell a sapper assaulted a constable, and a lady, who came to the officer's assistance, caught the soldier by the nose, and blew the policeman's whistle. Apparently she changed her mind.

A Welsh reader sends us the following words, which he suggests would be "a good test of sobriety":—

Llanfairpwllqwyngyllgogerychwyrn-drobwll-
llandissiliogogogoch.
Rhosllanerchrugog.
Llanwnathafarneithaf

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL *replies to some of his numerous correspondents.*]

Certain anonymous correspondents sometimes express themselves with greater frankness than courtesy requires. We shall only notice evil communications when the names of their authors are confided to us. We shall not give them away, but they must have the courage of their convictions. After all, it is not very interesting to know that a coward considers someone else a liar or a thief.

THE MANAGING EDITOR OF THE *Tribune* writes pointing out that the phrases quoted by the Globe Clothing Trust, of 18-20, Oxford Street, as a recommendation of their goods by that paper, is simply a garbled extract; that the sub-heading of the article in question (which the Globe Company, of course, does not quote) was "The Product of a Sweated Industry," whilst the opinion of an expert is given that the goods are "shoddy," and the profit upon the 10s. 6d. suit is estimated at 6s. 6d.! We never doubted that our esteemed contemporary would have a complete answer, and it affords us pleasure to insert it.

"WELL WISHER" (Brixton) wants us to organise a system of relief for poor little London children during the coming winter. We have had something up our sleeve in this connection and elsewhere we make an announcement which will please "WELL WISHER" and all our other readers.

A. C. B. (South Norwood) draws our attention to the catch-penny advertisement of Henry Abel and Co. (Walsall). To every purchaser of a 4d. parcel of stamps they offer a 4s. "superb" fountain pen, a packet of "superb" stamp mounts, a perforation gauge, a "superb" stamp case made of Levant morocco leather, "alone worth 1s." He duly received the articles, which were not what we should call superb. On the other hand, we do not think 4d. was an excessive price to pay for the lot, which he has sent for our inspection. Did A. C. B. really think Abel and Co. were philanthropists?

A. B. (Buswe) received a postcard from N. Gillespie (60, Springfield Road, New Southgate) offering information to enable him to win competitions in *Football Chat*. The price is 9d. down "to pay postage, etc., on the necessary letters," and 15 per cent. on all winnings. This seems a large margin for "etc.," unless Gillespie is a very good correspondent. A. B. thinks it is "a catch-penny"; but he took care that it should not catch any of his.

"DANUBE RIVER" (Reading), having noticed that we are "particularly well-informed" about the Balkans, asks for the names of works dealing with the more modern history of these States. With respect to Servia, he will find a bibliography in Herbert Vivian's "Servia, the Poor Man's Paradise" (Longmans, 1897), and the history of the country is brought up to date in the same writer's "The Servian Tragedy" (Grant Richards, 1904). Herr von Kállay's "Geschichte der Serben" is perhaps the most thorough history so far as it goes. For Bulgaria, Mr. Dicey's "Peasant State" (Murray, 1894)) may be read. For the Balkans generally, there are Mr. Miller's "The Balkans" in the "Story of the Nations" series, and, of course, M. de Laveleye's "The Balkan Peninsula" (Unwin, 1887), which is both brilliant and profound. "Turkey in Europe," by "Odysseus," a Foreign Office official (Arnold, 1900), is scrappy, but has been much quoted. Hardly anything has been written about Roumania. "DANUBE RIVER" took the course of Pelman memory treatment, and wishes to say that he derived considerable benefit.

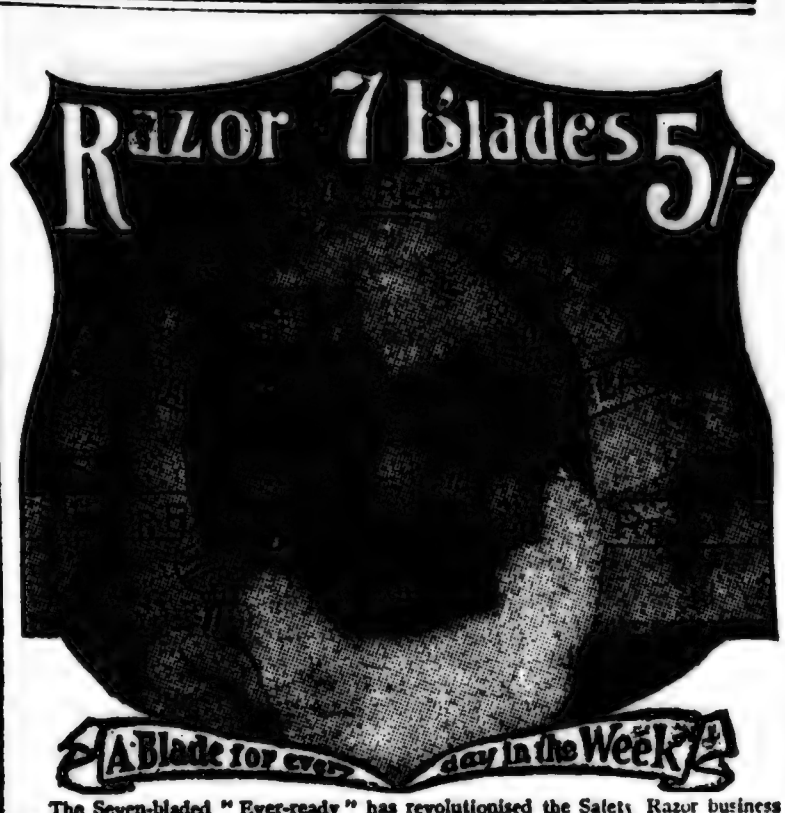
A. J. M. (Rugby).—Sorry, but we are too busy to attempt to solve Lord Northcliffe's chess problems for you.

J. C. F. (Lee) and "SITUATION" (Newington).—We do not hear good accounts of Hapgoods. Keep your guinea. Christmas will soon be here, and you may want it.

JOSEPH HOWES (Morecambe).—Kindly sends us a copy of his book, "Tory Claims Examined and Refuted" (third edition, 6d.), and asks us to order some more for distribution. Unfortunately we can't oblige, as we are not a party paper. But we admire the picture or Mr. Howes standing beside a palm-tree, listening to a blue-bottle.

W. H. C. (Cardiff) and others.—We have already referred unfavourably to the Nutriola Co., which is making a frantic effort to sell worthless shares as well as unsavoury and quack appliances.

G. G. S. (Crouch End).—We do not see why Mr. Pyne should not advertise his blankets at the back of the programme of the "Song Service" of the Brockley Presbyterian Church. We suppose Pyne paid. G. C. S. think it "the most astounding piece of cheek ever attempted." He cannot have a very intimate knowledge of cheek.



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We've dared to fix a retail price that meant a "square deal. Clements' "Ever-Ready" Safety Razor sets are **complete at Five Shillings.** Seven perfect blades—a nickel silver safety frame and stropping handle, all in a compact little case.

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T.A.: "Bullseye, London." T.N.: 10,972 Central.
REFERENCES TO LEADING LONDON SOLICITORS.

F. S. (London, N.W.) complains that he paid Hapgoods a guinea. They secured him a situation where he receives commission on orders only and is liable to dismissal at a week's notice. Up to the present his orders have not been sufficient to enable him to live, so his employers have advanced him money, to be deducted when a sufficient amount has been earned. Hapgoods' solicitors now write to F. S., care of his firm (who open all their employees' letters not marked "private"), demanding the sum of £6 10s. 0d. "commission on one year's salary" (!), and threatening that unless he pays the amount they are instructed to communicate with his employers (who have themselves paid Hapgoods two guineas for the introduction to our correspodent). The solicitors in question are a very respectable firm, and we, therefore, advise F. S. to see them and lay the whole of the facts before them.

H. D. ('05 Club).—Firmness is necessary to the government of South African natives. We think Lord Elgin answered very properly, and we have no faith in meddlesome, irresponsible bodies.

G. (London).—Dogs, which cannot be restrained from worrying sheep, ought to be destroyed. But the park shepherds should be more polite than they appear to be.

J. S. L. (Queen's Elm Parade).—See answer to H. B. A. (Cardiff).

F. W. B. (Birmingham) tells us that Mr. Newman, the musical critic of the *Daily Post*, was rather severe on the chorus at the recent festival, so they gave him a box of Blue Pills. F. W. B. asks: "Was it to make a new man of him? Was it Richter to single him out for quick movements?" We are now very ill in bed.

"Consistent Reader" (Leicester).—Give him a dog-biscuit.

"A Constant Reader" (Cardiff).—Why your question?

W. S. (Bolton) had been employed by a large firm for sixteen months, when they remarked that he was the only one of the staff who had not taken out the usual guarantee form for £50. So he wrote to the General Assurance Co. (Perth), and filled up a very comprehensive form, giving full details of his personal life and habits for twelve or fourteen years, together with references from employers. He then received a second form, containing a number of irrelevant questions, with regard to his father's occupation, his furniture, banking account, debts, etc., etc. As he did not fill it up at once, he received a peremptory demand that it should be sent back by return of post. He then protested against the inquisition, and asked whether he would be further required to sign a document absolving the company from liability. In that case, he failed to see why he should pay a premium for a risk which the company did not accept. The company now lost its temper: "We have to inform you that unless we receive No. 2 form fully completed we shall have no alternative but to file our papers, and inform your employers of our decision. . . . We have had sufficient experience to know how to conduct our business." They added that they would require him to sign the indemnity form. W. S. now points out that the company have threatened to inform his employers that he has been declined, whereas if he does not fill up the form, he is declining to deal with the company; that his application was a confidential one; and that to require an indemnity as well as premiums affords ample evidence of the company's ability to "conduct their own business." We certainly don't like the threat. Perhaps the company will explain, if it can.

"Constantus."—"The answer is in the negative," as they say in the House of Commons.

"Gervase" (Heworth) sends us his correspondence with Harvey, Taylor and Co., medical and dental electricians, 61, City Road, E.C. He was to pay two guineas for six medico-electric antiseptic mouth lamps, and, if he sold 24 lamps at 10s. 6d. in two weeks, he was to be placed on their permanent staff at 40s. per week, with 30s. for expenses. "Gervase" does not think the firm could afford to pay so much. Nor do we. There was a similar case lately, when a man was convicted of fraud in connection with proposals not unlike those of this firm, which, however, may be quite genuine for all we know to the contrary.

C. S. (Birchington-on-Sea) consults us about Tanqueray, the free-portrait thief, and cites testimonials alleged to have been given him by *Truth* and the *Morning Leader*. Those testimonials are impudent forgeries.

H. K. (Robinhood) has received an offer of cash advances from W. Harvey (Norfolk House, Cathedral Street, Norwich), and asks us if this is "another of the sharks." We will make inquiries about them.

C. W. (Dublin) writes,—"Ah! Johnny, Johnny, keep to your old stile, and don't start giving away fivers for nothing." What are we supposed to be doing on that stile, shure? Anyhow, we continue to smile, bedad.

T. W. J. (Morecambe) complains of magisterial rudeness to conscientious objectors and passive resisters. Unfortunately, such rudeness is not rare. Why cannot even magistrates agree to differ courteously? We have already dealt with our "esteemed friends" of the Brahmo Lever Watch Co. T. W. J. kindly wishes that our prosperity may be beyond our largest hopes, but that is rather a large order.

"Reader from the Start" (Regent's Park) is reading the *Londoner General Anzeiger* to improve his German. He sends us an advertisement of a "Kgl. Brit. Major z. D.," who offers to introduce well-educated German gentlemen into the best English society. We shall be delighted to meet "Kgl. Brit. Maj. z. D."

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J. A. J. (Brighton) answered an advertisement of F. Paynter and Co. (78, Mysore Road, Clapham Junction, S.W.), who offered 2s. to 10s. daily to agents "for addressing circulars, etc." They replied asking for a deposit of 2s. On sending this he found he was expected to earn a commission by inducing his friends to purchase stylographic pens and "novelties." He has had one of the pens, and finds it of no use whatever. J. A. J. has bought two shillings' worth of experience, however.

W. A. B. (Alscot Road).—Glad they all read us in Nicaragua.

H. B. A. (Cardiff) is angry with Judge Owen, who denounced imprisonment for debt at Newport County Court the other day. H. B. A. is a tradesman, and thinks no business can be carried on without giving credit; he adds that, if imprisonment for debt were abolished, it would be impossible to collect small accounts. Very well, tradesmen would have to change their methods, and only give credit to people who have something to distrain upon. Perhaps H. B. A. would like to revert to the good old plan of enslaving debtors. We certainly agree with Judge Owen. More power to his elbow! Indeed, we are not sure we should not support Lord Randolph Churchill's proposal for reducing the Statute of Limitations from six years to six months.

D. E. B. (Trecwa) is disturbed because he had to pay a fine of 10s. and 15s. 6d. costs for his son, who trapped rabbits on a private road. The grievance is that permission to trap had been given by the owner, but whether that permission was withdrawn is in dispute. Perhaps the fine was excessive in view of the uncertainty, but it is difficult for us to judge at this distance. The question of the game laws, which D. E. B. raises, is "another story," as our friend Kipling would say. Until they are altered they had better be observed.

J. O. (Kendal) thinks that as the seventh commandment makes no mention of sex, the law of divorce should not differentiate between man and woman. But then, laws are made by man—for man.

"Equus" (Highbury) cannot understand why the law should interfere with the business of Mr. Magnus and leave other turf accountants alone. He thinks their offices are "places within the meaning of the Act." So do we—but some profound authority has laid it down that where no ready money passes, it is all right.—"Equus" forgets that the Law is a hass.

M. J. D. (Hull).—Our hands are not quite free in the matter. See announcement on p. 1. But we do our best.

"A Poor Parson" (Royston) thinks we were a little unfair to the late Dr. Gott, Bishop of Truro. "It was well known," says the P. P., "that Dr. Gott was a very wealthy man," and he never took any of the emoluments of his office. Well, the fact remains that he died worth £82,000—and left nothing to charities! Then, we are reminded, Dr. Gore, the present Bishop of Birmingham, gave his private fortune to the fund for founding the Bishopric. He might have done better with the money.

J. F. (Birmingham) subscribed to Lloyds' International Library. But he doesn't think it worth the money, and wants to send it back. Why didn't he examine it and make up his mind before subscribing? We are afraid it is too late now.

J. S. B. (London) thinks our political letters have been improving lately. They have not been so "bitter." But there's no knowing when we may break out again. We're all right so long as no one says "Balfour." Phew!

W. H. W. (Stockport) is tempted to take a hand in one of the "Weekly Profit Sharing Deals" of the "International Securities Syndicate," 23, Westminster Palace Gardens. He should remember one of the few good things *Punch* ever said—"Don't."

"Bellrock" (Arbroath) says that the editor of the *Investor's Review* calls our Editor a "late bucket-shop keeper," and likens him "to a croupier at the gambling table." What *is* the *Investor's Review*, and who *is* the editor? He seems a queer sort of a chap.

J. S. A. D. writes very ably about Socialism, but we must give the topic a rest for the moment. He says: "Mr. Vivian is fully justified in describing it as a blunder. . . . evils far greater than those which it is hoped to destroy would result from the abolition of competition." Yes, think of the State newspaper which would try to replace John Bull!

M. A. S. (Thornton Heath) paid Cooper, of the Old Kent Road, for a fowl-house and other goods, but only received part of the order after much trouble. No notice is taken of her demands for the balance. What says Cooper?

(Many replies stand over.)

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57-58, London Road, Southwark, S.E.
282, High Road, Chiswick, W.
49, High Street, Notting Hill Gate, W.
114 & 116, Edgware Road, W.
94-96, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.
345-347, Harrow Road, Paddington, W.
180, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
338, High Road, Streatham, S.W.
69, St. John's Road, Clapham Junction, S. W.
5, Euston Road, King's Cross, N.W.
89, High Road, Kilburn, N.W.
31, High Street, Islington, N.
17, Seven Sisters Road, N.
287, Kentish Town Road, N.W.
BRIGHTON — 158-162, Western Road.
27, St James's Street.
19, London Road.
128, North Street.
BOURNEMOUTH—168, Commercial Road.
78, Old Christ Church Road.
BROMLEY—66-67, High Street.
Boscombe—Salisbury Buildings, Christchurch Road.
CROYDON—42-44, North End.
Hove—204, Church Road.
Reading—91, Broad Street.
Ealing—65, The Mall, Broadway Parade.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS—4, The Pantiles.
BANGOR—332, High Street.
Bath—4, Union Street.
Bedford—Harpur Street, and 19, Silver Street.
Birmingham—51, New Street.
166, Broad Street.
BLACKPOOL—14, Market Street.
Bradford—60-62, Kirkgate.
BRISTOL—13, Queen's Road, Clifton.
26, High Street.
BUXTON—48-48-39 Spring Gardens.
Cambridge—31, Petty Cury and 6, Market Hill.
Cheltenham—129-130, High Street.
Chester—28, Eastgate Row, and 24, Eastgate Street.
Coventry—10, Broadgate and 13, Market Street.
EASTBOURNE—16, Sussex Gardens
Glasgow—101-105, Sauchiehall St.
Gloucester—139, Westgate Street.
Guernsey—18-20, Smith Street.
Guildford—113, High Street.
HARROGATE — 5, Parliament Street.
HEREFORD—22, High Town.
Hull—10 & 12, King Edward Street.
Ipswich—22, Tavern Street.
JERSEY—25, Queen Street.
LEAMINGTON—162, The Parade.
Leeds—7-9, Bond Street.
Briggate and King Edward Street.
Leicester—9, Belvoir Street.
LEWES—51 & 52, High Street.
Lincoln—280-281, High Street, and 1-2, Butchery Street.
153, High Street, St. Mark's.
11 and 13, London Road.
LIVERPOOL—112, Bold Street.
LLANDUDNO—2, Art Gallery Buildings, Vaughan Street.
LOWESTOFT—The Marina.
Manchester—15-17-19, St. Ann's Street, St. Ann's Square.
48-50, Oldham Street.
Nottingham—High Street and Pelham Street.
Exchange Walk and 181, Mansfield Road.
Oxford—1, Queen Street, Carfax.
Redhill—2, High Street.
Richmond—63-64, George Street.
Rugby—26, High Street.
SCARBOROUGH—1, St. Nicholas Street, & 18, Newborough.
Sheffield—6, High Street.
West Street.
SOUTHEND—112, High Street.
SOUTHPORT — 333-335, Lord Street.
ST. ANNE'S-ON-THE-SEA — St. Anne's Road, West.
ST. ALBANS—The Gables, Market Place.
Swansea—1-2, Oxford Street, and 8, Goat Street.
WESTON-super-MARE — 38, High Street.
WEYMOUTH—69-70, St. Mary St.
WINDSOR—16, Thames Street.
Winchester—37-38, High Street.
Worcester—73, High Street.
WORTHING—24, South Street.
YARMOUTH—22, Regent Street.

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JESSE BOOT,
Managing Director.

RACING NOTES AND IDEAS.

By W. Lotinga.
("*Larry Lynx*" of "*The People.*")

Judging the Owners.

"Look at the men who own them," is said regarding some of those who possess jumpers—*à propos* of the lack of life in the sport.

A Lead.

How often, when we inquire the price of a horse, do the fielders kindly tell us that they "have laid the owner himself shorter odds."

Experience Only Bought.

Unless one has really gone through the mill, and owned and ridden horses, it is impossible to realise properly what racing means—how some horses can carry weight, how others are suited by different courses or the character of the going, etc., etc.

Sarcastic Jealousy.

No matter who the trainer is, directly he gets a horse that has been in the care of another, his preliminary statement regarding the animal's future usually is that "he wants feeding first."

The Turquoise Chevrons Need Some Luck.

Santoi's foals and yearlings are such a good lot that we shall hear considerably more of Mr. George Edwardes' old favourite on the Turf next season, with an improved edition of Claretois, Raytois, etc.

Mr. Frank Bibby.

Mr. Frank Bibby, the owner of many good steeplechasers, is a master of foxhounds, and possessed the famous historic Elizabethan residence in Shropshire—Balderton Hall—which was recently destroyed by fire.

True, too.

Some of the smaller bookmakers in the centre of the ring jocularly say that "they don't care to be on the rails, as it is there that one gets so many letters asking them 'to wait.'"

The Fair Odds.

The pari mutuel system must, on the face of it, be representative of the actual business done. Bookmakers lay their own odds (which vary sometimes to a difference of 100 per cent.), and further, they bet such cramped prices that whatever wins they are frequently "over round."

The Racing Army's Clean Slate.

Last year, when Newbury Races were to be inaugurated, there was a loud outcry among the Nonconformists in the district against the horrible iniquity racing would bring to the locality, but at all the enormously-attended meetings not a single charge arose. Such can certainly not be said regarding the many rough characters which the annual fair brings into Newbury, and yet this is complacently allowed and encouraged by the same narrow-minded folk who have only the ONE stereotyped cry against racing, without knowing why, except that they do not want to join in themselves.

Love thy Neighbour—except in Business.

How frequently it is the case that when a stable wins, its near neighbours are runners up, and thus stood in the way. At racing, too, the funniest things happen to uphold the irony of fate and to alleviate, or rub in, any existing soreness between owners, trainers, jockeys and the active forces. Recently, for instance, the victory at Hurst Park of Mr. C. Hibberts' Mixed Dance was achieved at the expense of another Epsomite, Mr. Ben Ellam's Lady Cringle, and it is not very long since the bookmaker triumphed in a law suit anent a brood mare over this well-liked West End sadler. Was Saturday's result a question of "rubbing it in"?

Liquid Lingfield.

The popular executive here have been considerably before the public eye of late in political matters (with which sport has really little in common). Mr. Fowler is thorough in everything he does, and invariably successful, but he is not superhuman, and cannot control the weather. Lingfield has the character—correctly and justifiably—of being "lovely." In the summer time, and when the sun shines, it certainly is so. On the other side of the picture, when it rains, it is truly "liquid." Two more horribly uncomfortable days than those which spoiled such excellent sport at Lingfield last week end are hardly imaginable. The racing was minimised in its interest by the chances of most of the horses being rendered a lottery, while the financial enclosure receipts were not one-tenth of what they must otherwise have been. Under such circumstances, only the business "regulars" go, and among them two out of three are, as far as money is concerned, "dead heads."

Penalised Horses.

There is evidently common sense in the somewhat indiscriminate following of penalised horses at quite the back end. Why, no one could hardly give a tenable reason. If anything, it would be imagined that additional weight would tell more than ever in holding ground, and yet I suppose it is only those horses possessing the aptitude of skimming over heavy going that can win and thus earn extra weight. The hitherto luckless little Truffle de Perigord, who is only a pony, and built on a small scale, brought off a well-deserved double for Mr. George Parrott. His performance on the second day, with a strong jockey like Lynham up, was a really good effort, for he was carrying 9st. 3lb.,

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and won in a canter. Clearly here is a proven mudlark. Similarly must True Love be classified as a "back-ender," for she has been backed many a time throughout the season, only to usually run second or third. Judging by her consistent form, it is no wonder that Charlie Wood thought King's Tax a certainty when the horse went to Derby after having proved himself 21lb. in front of True Love at home. In the result, King's Tax was never in the race, and yet the mare, three days later, romps home from twenty-eight others at almost your own odds. His commission was naturally modest a few sovereigns invested more i callous compulsion rather than in confidence.

Revelations.

Apart from Truffle de Perigord's improvement upon his otherwise always consistent form, we have had several astounding sensations of late, such as a Gourd at Derby and Camoens at Lingfield. On the book, and especially their respective latest performances at Liverpool and Lincoln, this pair possessed what is termed in Turf parlance "no earthly." Yet each one won running away; in fact, Gourd made a worse example of the Derby Gold Cup field than has been done in any leading event this year. Yet of late most of the big handicaps have been run away with. Gourd belongs to Lord Derby, the leading owner of the year, so that it is heresy to imagine anything but the most straightforward policy. The black-and-white cap is carried to win every time the jockey gets into the saddle, and it is universally known what a horrible jade Gourd is. The discrepancy between what she can do and what she cannot is remarkable, and not possible to estimate on paper. Camoens, too, is one of those "dogs" that can but won't. But what sort of horses would these be for a "little" man, especially a beginner, to own, and what sort of trouble might they not most innocently get him into?

Prophetic.

After this week we shall not be able to wager upon flat racing for many a day, and yet the risks under the gate, of being crowded out, shut in, and a hundred and one other similar trivial but all-important influencing matters are no more or greater than we run when backing well-schooled 'chasers over the stiffest country.

At Manchester, DESESPOIR, if a competitor at last must not be missed. LADY FORFAR has been given full allowance for an inexplicable Lingfield defeat in the Lancashire Nursery, and DEAN SWIFT has only Charis to beat for the Castle Irwell Handicap. In the November Handicap it hardly seems reasonable to look for the winner amongst a moderate, mixed, all-of-a-heap troop which were so badly trounced by Gourd. The placings were unreliable, and the course is different and shorter. Having a good line of the form, I really think that the north-country trained SPECULOR will be dangerous, but it is very early anticipation before a market is formed, or anything tending to help one's prognostication, and what happens between the time of writing and the day should be the backet's guide.

A True "Backer's Directory."

We have for some months now had just a full-page of sporting advertisements of S.P. men, which were very cautiously sifted before acceptance. And, despite the terrible results (for the Ring) over the Autumn Handicaps, we have not had a SINGLE complain. Seeing the hundreds I receive otherwise, this is a high test. It is the very best possible upholding of what were our intentions when inaugurating the column, and of the interests of backers. There can be NO ground now for betting with any of the many mushroom swind'ing firms who circularise and so obligingly offer indiscriminate credit, and then have to "squeal" after you have found your first good winner. With this season now about over, and nothing to bet upon, these sporting advertisements will naturally shrink, to be revived, enlarged, and increased early in the new year.

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